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JOHN DONNE, D.D.

Cook Sc.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London, 1778.

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Stothard del. Delattre fc.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Sept.r 24.th 1779.

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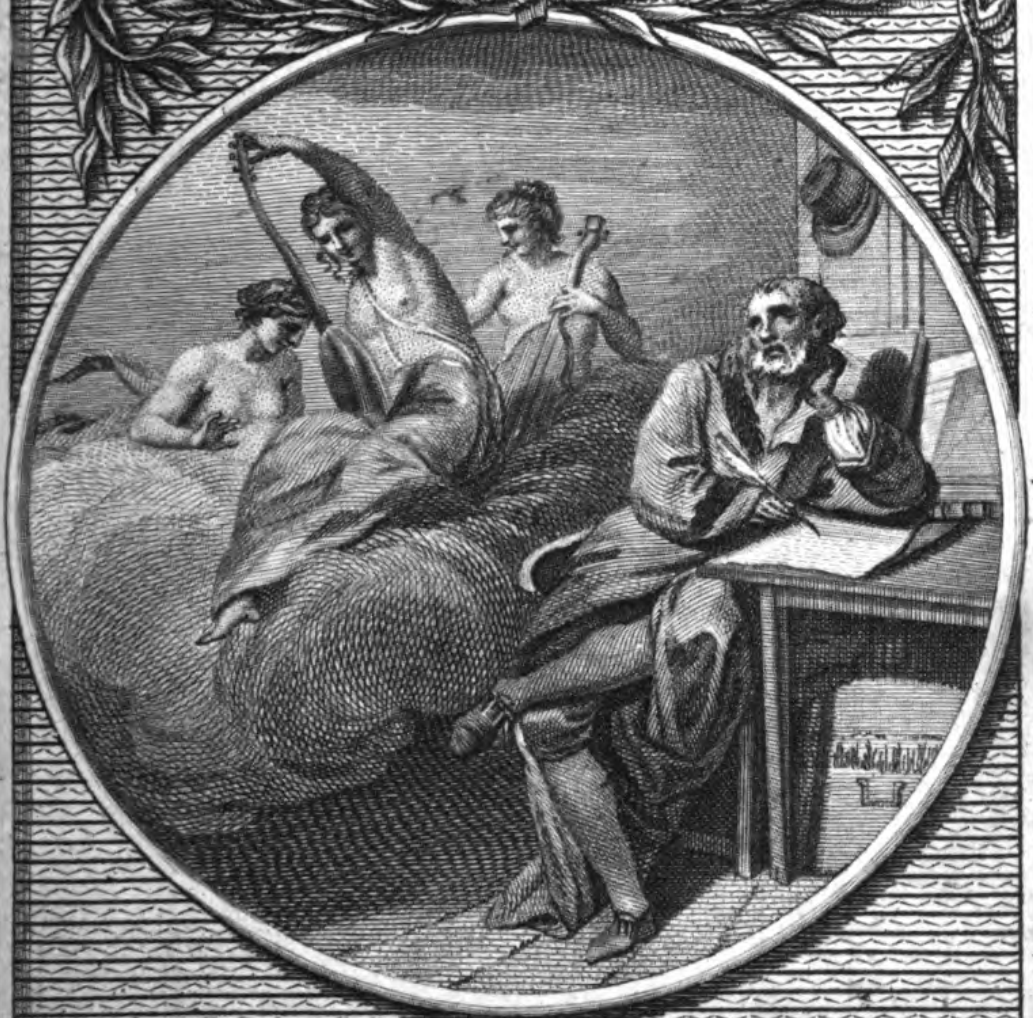
BELL'S EDITION:
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DONNE. VOL. I.

And in this Coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the muses I confer.

Stothard del. Delattre Sc.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muſe,
Who to thy one all other brains refuſe;
Whoſe ev'ry work of thy moſt early wit
Came forth example, and remain ſo yet;
Longer a-knowing than moſt wits do live,
And which no affection praiſe enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, beſt life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a ſtrife;
All which I mean to praiſe, and yet I would,
But leave becauſe I cannot as I ſhould.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

SATIRES AND EPITHALAMIONS.

I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be expreſs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reſt; it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph inciſe:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerſal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both thoſe the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's prieſt.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

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DR. JOHN DONNE.

MR. John Donne was born in London, of good and virtuous parents; and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may juſtly appear ſufficient to dignify both himſelf and his poſterity, yet the reader may be pleaſed to know that his father was lineally deſcended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deſerve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was deſcended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, ſometime Lord Chancellor of England; as alſo from that worthy and laborious Judge Raſtall, who left poſterity the vaſt ſtatutes of the law of this nation moſt exactly abridged.

He had his firſt breeding in his father's houſe, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the ninth year of his age, and in his tenth year was ſent to the univerſity of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and ſome other of his remarkable abilities, made one give this cenſure of him, That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula, of whom ſtory ſays, that he was rather born than made wiſe by ſtudy.

There he remained in Hart-Hall, having, for the advancement of his ſtudies, tutors of ſeveral ſciences to attend and inſtruct him, till time made him capable,

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and his learning, expreſſed in public exerciſes, declared him worthy, to receive his firſt degree in the ſchools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romiſh perſuaſion, were conſcionably averſe to ſome parts of the oath that is always tendered at thoſe times, and not to be refuſed by thoſe that expect the titulary honour of their ſtudies.

About the fourteenth year of his age he was tranſplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nouriſhment from both ſoils, he ſtaid till his ſeventeenth year; all which time he was a moſt laborious ſtudent, often changing his ſtudies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reaſons formerly mentioned.

About the ſeventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's-Inn, with an intent to ſtudy the law, where he gave great teſtimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement, in that profeſſion, which never ſerved him for other uſe than an ornament and ſelf-ſatisfaction.

His father died before his admiſſion into this ſociety; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money, (it was 3000 *l.*) His mother, and thoſe to whoſe care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors in the mathematics, and all the liberal ſciences, to attend him; but with theſe arts they were adviſed to inſtill particular principles of the Romiſh church, of which

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thoſe tutors profeſſed, tho' ſecretly, themſelves to be members.

They had almoſt obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage (beſides many opportunities) the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a moſt powerful perſuaſion, and did work much upon him, as he profeſſeth in his Preface to his Pſeudo-Martyr, a book of which the reader ſhall have ſome account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age, and at that time had betrothed himſelf to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Chriſtian; and reaſon and piety had both perſuaded him that there could be no ſuch ſin as ſchiſm, if an adherence to ſome viſible church were not neceſſary.

He did, therefore, at his entrance into the nineteenth year of his age, (tho' his youth and ſtrength then promiſed him a long life) yet being unreſolved in his religion, he thought it neceſſary to rectify all ſcruples that concerned that; and therefore waving the law, and betrothing himſelf to no art or profeſſion that might juſtly denominate him, he begun to ſurvey the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church; and as God's bleſſed Spirit did then awaken him to the ſearch, and in that induſtry did never forſake him, (they be his own words, in his Preface to Pſeudo-Martyr) ſo he calls

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the ſame holy Spirit to witneſs this proteſtation, that in that diſquiſition and ſearch he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himſelf, and by that which he took to be the ſafeſt way, namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and indeed Truth had too much light about her to be hid from ſo ſharp an inquirer, and he had too much ingenuity not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this ſearch, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine to be the beſt defender of the Roman cauſe, and therefore betook himſelf to the examination of his reaſons. The cauſe was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcuſable both towards God and his own conſcience; he therefore proceeded in this ſearch with all moderate haſte, and before the twentieth year of his age did ſhew the then Dean of Glouceſter (whoſe name my memory hath now loſt) all the Cardinal's works marked with many weighty obſervations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him at his death as a legacy to a moſt dear friend.

The year following he reſolved to travel, and the Earl of Eſſex going firſt to Calais, and after the Iſland voyages, he took the advantage of thoſe opportunities, waited upon his Lordſhip, and was an eye-witneſs of thoſe happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England till he had ſtaid ſome years firſt in Italy, and then in Spain, where

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he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws, and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was at his first going into Italy designed for travelling the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the sepulchre of our Saviour; but at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the Lord Elsemore, then Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and condition, took him to be his chief Secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state, for which his Lordship did often protest he thought him very fit.

Nor did his Lordship, in this time of Mr. Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to

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his friends; during which time he (I dare not say unhappily) fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love, with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Elsemore, and daughter to Sir George Moor, then Chancellor of the Garter, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises, which were so interchangeably passed as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves, and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire: and such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together, (I forbear to tell how) and to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

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And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall like an unexpected tempeſt on thoſe that were unwilling to have it ſo, but that pre-apprehenſions might make it the leſs enormous, it was purpoſely whiſpered into the ears of many that it was ſo, yet by none that could atteſt it: but to put a period to the jealouſies of Sir George, (doubt often begetting more reſtleſs thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear) the news was in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance made known to Sir George by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry Earl of Northumberland; but it was to Sir George ſo immeaſurably unwelcome, and ſo tranſported him, that, as tho' his paſſion of anger and inconſideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he preſently engaged his ſiſter, the Lady Elſemore, to join with him to procure her lord to diſcharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his Lordſhip. This requeſt was followed with violence; and tho' Sir George were remembered that errors might be overpuniſhed, and deſired therefore to forbear till ſecond conſiderations might clear ſome ſcruples, yet he became reſtleſs until his ſuit was granted, and the puniſhment executed: and tho' the Lord Chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's diſmiſſion, give him ſuch a commendation as the great Emperor Charles V. did of his Secretary Eraſo, when he preſented him to his ſon and ſucceſſor Philip II. ſaying, "That in his "Eraſo he gave to him a greater gift than all his eſtate,

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"and all the kingdoms which he then reſigned to "him;" yet he ſaid, "he parted with a friend, and "ſuch a ſecretary as was fitter to ſerve a king than a "ſubject."

And yet this phyſic of Mr. Donne's diſmiſſion was not ſtrong enough to purge out all Sir George's choler, for he was not ſatisfied till Mr. Donne and his ſome time compupil in Cambridge that married him, namely, Samuel Brook, (who was after doctor in divinity, and maſter of Trinity College) and his brother Mr. Chriſtopher Brook, ſome time Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's-Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witneſſed the marriage, were all committed, and to three ſeveral priſons.

Mr. Donne was firſt enlarged, who neither gave reſt to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an intereſt, until he had procured an enlargement for his two impriſoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were ſtill cloudy; and being paſt theſe troubles, others did ſtill multiply upon him; for his wife was (to her extreme ſorrow) detained from him; and tho', with Jacob, he endured not an hard ſervice for her, yet he loſt a good one, and was forced to make good his title to her, and to get poſſeſſion of her, by a long and reſtleſs ſuit in law, which proved troubleſome and chargeable to him, whoſe youth, and travel, and needleſs bounty, had brought his eſtate into a narrow compaſs.

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It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, (which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art) these and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that, as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse, (for love and anger are so like agues as to have hot and cold fits, and love in parents, tho' it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat) that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord; but with no success; for his answer was, "That tho' he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had "done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and "credit to discharge and readmit servants at the re-"quest of passionate petitioners."

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret: (for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment) but, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal

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bleſſing, but yet refuſed to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's eſtate was the greateſt part ſpent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience; he out of all employment that might yield a ſupport for himſelf and wife, who had been curiouſly and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accuſtomed to confer, and not to receive, courteſies: theſe, and other conſiderations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his ſufferings, ſurrounded him with many ſad thoughts, and ſome apparent apprehenſions of want.

But his ſorrows were leſſened, and his wants prevented, by the ſeaſonable courteſy of their noble kinſman Sir Francis Wolly of Pirford in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him, where they remained with much freedom to themſelves, and equal content to him, for many years; and as their charge increaſed, (ſhe had yearly a child) ſo did his love and bounty.

It hath been obſerved by wiſe and conſidering men, that wealth hath ſeldom been the portion, and never the mark, to diſcover good people; but that almighty God, who diſpoſeth all things wiſely, hath, of his abundant goodneſs, denied it (he only knows why) to many whoſe minds he hath enriched with the greater bleſſings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer teſtimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the pre-

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ſent condition of this man of ſo excellent erudition and endowments, whoſe neceſſary and daily expenſes were hardly reconcileable with his uncertain and narrow eſtate: which I mention, for that at this time there was a moſt generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which ſhall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been ſo good to his church as to afford it, in every age, ſome ſuch men to ſerve at his altar as have been pioufly ambitious of doing good to mankind; a diſpoſition that is ſo like to God himſelf, that it owes itſelf only to him who takes a pleaſure to behold it in his creatures. Theſe times he did bleſs with many ſuch; ſome of which ſtill live to be patterns of apoſtolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have ſaid this, becauſe I have occaſion to mention one of them in my following diſcourſe, namely, Dr. Morton, the moſt laborious and learned Biſhop of Durham, one that God hath bleſſed with perfect intellectuals, and a cheerful heart, at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one that, in his days of plenty, had ſo large a heart as to uſe his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now (be it ſpoken with ſorrow) reduced to a narrow eſtate, which he embraces without repining, and ſtill ſhews the beauty of his mind by ſo liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which "to-morrow were to care for itſelf." I have taken a pleaſure in giving the reader a ſhort but true cha-

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racter of this good man, from whom I received this following relation. He ſent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting there was not many minutes paſſed before he ſpake to Mr. Donne to this purpoſe: "Mr. Donne, the occaſion of "ſending for you is to propoſe to you what I have "often revolved in my own thought ſince I laſt ſaw "you, which, nevertheleſs, I will not do but upon "this condition, that you ſhall not return me a pre-"ſent anſwer, but forbear three days, and beſtow ſome "part of that time in faſting and prayer; and after "a ſerious conſideration of what I ſhall propoſe, then "return to me with your anſwer. Deny me not, Mr. "Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I "would gladly pay as a debt due for your's to me." This requeſt being granted, the Doctor expreſſed himſelf thus.

"Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities, "I know your expectation of a ſtate-employment, and "I know your fitneſs for it; and I know, too, the many "delays and contingencies that attend court promiſes; "and, let me tell you, my love begot by our long friend-"ſhip, our familiarity, and your merits, hath prompt-"ed me to ſuch an inquiſition of your preſent tempo-"ral eſtate, as makes me no ſtranger to your neceſſi-"ties, which are ſuch as your generous ſpirit could not "bear, if it were not ſupported with a pious patience,

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"You know I have formerly perſuaded you to wave "your court hopes, and enter into holy orders, which "I now again perſuade you to embrace, with this "reaſon added to my former requeſt; the King hath "yeſterday made me Dean of Glouceſter, and I am "poſſeſſed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal "to thoſe of my deanery; I will think my deanery "enough for my maintenance, (who am and reſolve "to die a ſingle man) and will quit my benefice, and "eſtate you in it, (which the patron is willing I ſhall "do) if God ſhall incline your heart to embrace this "motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's educa- "tion or parts make him too good for this employ- "ment, which is to be an ambaſſador for the God "of glory, who by a vile death opened the gates of "life to mankind. Make me no preſent anſwer, but "remember your promiſe, and return to me the "third day with your reſolution."

At the hearing of this Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a viſible teſtimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promiſe, and departed without returning an anſwer till the third day, and then it was to this effect:

"My moſt worthy and moſt dear friend, ſince I "ſaw you I have been faithful to my promiſe, and "have alſo meditated much of your great kindneſs, "which hath been ſuch as would exceed even my gra- "titude, but that it cannot do, and more I cannot re-

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" turn you, and I do that with an heart full of humili-
" ty and thanks, tho' I may not accept of your of-
" fer: but, Sir, my refusal is not for that I think my-
" self too good for that calling, for which kings, if
" they think so, are not good enough; nor for that
" my education and learning, tho' not eminent, may
" not, being assisted with God's grace and humility,
" render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare
" make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some
" irregularities of my life have been so visible to some
" men, that tho' I have, I thank God, made my peace
" with him by penitential resolutions against them,
" and by the assistance of his grace banished them
" my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so,
" is not so visible to man as to free me from their
" censures, and, it may be, that sacred calling from a
" dishonour: and, besides, whereas it is determined by
" the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the
" first end, and a maintenance the second motive, to
" embrace that calling; and tho' each man may pro-
" pose to himself both together, yet the first may not
" be put last without a violation of conscience, which
" he that searches the heart will judge. And truly
" my present condition is such, that if I ask my own
" conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule,
" it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can
" neither give myself nor you an answer. You know,
" Sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose con-

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"ſcience doth not accuſe him for that thing which he "does." To theſe I might add other reaſons that diſ- "ſuade me; but I crave your favour that I may for- "bear to expreſs them, and thankfully decline your "offer."

This was his preſent reſolution; but the heart of man is not in his own keeping, and he was deſtined to this ſacred ſervice by an higher hand, a hand ſo powerful, as at laſt forced him to a compliance; of which I ſhall give the reader an account before I ſhall give a reſt to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death, a little before which time Sir Francis was ſo happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George and his forſaken ſon and daughter, Sir George conditioning, by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne 800 *l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20 *l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the intereſt for it, till the ſaid portion was paid.

Moſt of thoſe years that he lived with Sir Francis he ſtudied the Civil and Canon laws, in which he acquired ſuch a perfection as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that ſtudy the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family diſſolved, Mr. Donne took for himſelf an houſe in Micham, near to Croydon in Surrey, a place noted for good air and choice company: there his wife and chil-

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dren remained; and for himſelf he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occaſions drew him very often, and where he was as often viſited by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who uſed him in their counſels of greateſt conſideration.

Nor did our own nobility only valúe and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendſhip was ſought for by moſt ambaſſadors of foreign nations, and by many other ſtrangers, whoſe learning or buſineſs occaſioned their ſtay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his conſtant reſidence in London, but he ſtill denied it, having ſettled his dear wife and children at Micham, and near ſome friends that were bountiful to them and him; for they, God knows, needed it: and that you may the better now judge of the then preſent condition of his mind and fortune, I ſhall preſent you with an extract, collected out of ſome few of his many letters.

——— "And the reaſon why I did not ſend an "anſwer to your laſt week's letter was, becauſe it "found me under too great a ſadneſs; and at preſent "'tis thus with me: there is not one perſon but my- "ſelf well of my family. I have already loſt half a "child, and with that miſchance of hers, my wife is "fallen into ſuch a diſcompoſure as would afflict her "too extremely, but that the ſickneſs of all her chil-

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"dren ſtupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I "have not much hope; and theſe meet with a for- "tune ſo ill provided for phyſic, and ſuch relief, that if "God ſhould ſend us with burials, I know not how to "perform even that; but I flatter myſelf with this "hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waſte faſter "than by ſuch griefs. As for

"From my Hoſpital at Micham, JOHN DONNE."
Aug. 10.

Thus he did bemoan himſelf; and thus in other letters.

"For we hardly diſcover a ſin when it is but "an omiſſion of ſome good, and no accuſing act: "with this or the former I have often ſuſpected my- "ſelf to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earneſt "deſire of the next life: and tho' I know it is not "merely a wearineſs of this, becauſe I had the ſame "deſire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fair- "er hopes than I now do, yet I doubt worldly trou- "bles have increaſed it. 'Tis now ſpring, and all the "pleaſures of it diſpleaſe me: every other tree bloſ- "ſoms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; "my ſtrength diminiſheth, and my load grows hea- "vier; and yet I would fain be or do ſomething; but "that I cannot tell what is no wonder in this time of "my ſadneſs; for to chuſe is to do, but to be no part of "my body is as to be nothing; and ſo I am, and ſhall "ſo judge myſelf, unleſs I could be ſo incorporated

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" into a part of the world, as by buſineſs to contribute
" ſome ſuſtentation to the whole. This I made ac-
" count; I began early when I underſtood the ſtudy
" of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that and
" embracing the worſt voluptuouſneſs, an hydroptic
" immoderate deſire of human learning and langua-
" ges; beautiful ornaments, indeed, to men of great
" fortunes, but mine was grown ſo low as to need an
" occupation, which I thought I entered well into
" when I ſubjected myſelf to ſuch a ſervice as I thought
" might exerciſe my poor abilities; and there I ſtum-
" bled, and fell too; and now I am become ſo little,
" or ſuch a nothing, that I am not a ſubject good
" enough for one of my own letters.——I fear my
" preſent diſcontent does not proceed from a good
" root, that I am ſo well content to be nothing, that
" is, dead. But, Sir, tho' my fortune hath made me
" ſuch, as that I am rather a ſickneſs or a diſeaſe of
" the world than any part of it, and therefore neither
" love it nor life, yet I would gladly live to become
" ſome ſuch thing as you ſhould not repent loving
" me. Sir, your own ſoul cannot be more zealous of
" your good than I am; and God, who loves that zeal
" in me, will not ſuffer you to doubt it. You would
" pity me now if you ſaw me write, for my pain hath
" drawn my head ſo much awry, and holds it ſo, that
" my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive
" you into my prayers with mine own weary ſoul,

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"and commend myself to your's. I doubt not but "next week will bring you good news, for I have "either preaching or dying on my side: but if I do "continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, "that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice up- "on my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body; "reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, "my soul; that is, I doubt, too like a porter, which "is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. "Sir, I profess to you truly that my loathness to give "over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall "write no more.——

"Your poor friend, and God's poor patient,

Sept. 7. JOHN DONNE."

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Micham, and to which place he often retired himself; and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman church, and especially those of supremacy and allegiance; and to that place, and such studies, he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry, a gentleman of very noble estate, and a more liberal mind,

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assigned him a very choice and useful house rent free; next to his own, in Drury Lane; and was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his in all their joy and sorrows.

Many of the nobility were watchful and solicitous to the King for some secular preferment for him: his Majesty had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state employment, being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals; where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly debates or disputes of religion betwixt his Majesty and those divines whose places required their attendance on him at those times; particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague, the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his Majesty, and the most reverend Dr. Andrews, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who then was the King's Almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the King had appeared and engaged himself by his public writings now extant; and his Majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his Majesty commanded him to bestow some time

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in drawing the arguments into a method, and then write his anſwers to them; and having done that, not to ſend, but be his own meſſenger, and bring them to him. To this he preſently applied himſelf, and within ſix weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed, the book bearing the name of Pſeudo-Martyr.

When the King had read and conſidered that book, he perſuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the miniſtry, to which at that time he was and appeared very unwilling, apprehending it (ſuch was his miſtaking modeſty) to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his Majeſty had promiſed him a favour, and many perſons of worth mediated with his Majeſty for ſome ſecular employment for him, to which his education had apted him, and particularly the Earl of Somerſet, when in his height of favour, who being then at Theobald's with the King, where one of the Clerks of the Council died that night, and the Earl having ſent for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, ſaid, "Mr. Donne, to teſtify the reality of "my affection, and my purpoſe to prefer you, ſtay "in this garden till I go up to the King and bring you "word that you are Clerk of the Council: doubt not "my doing this, for I know the King loves you, and "will not deny me." But the King gave a poſitive denial to all requeſts; and, having a diſcerning ſpirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the

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" abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a pow-
" erful preacher, and my desire is to prefer him that
" way." After that time, as he professeth *, the King descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders; which tho' he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years; all which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it; when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration, and fear to undertake it, which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity; and such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it: this I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not in Mr Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required in such as enter into sacred orders; and,

* In his book of Devotions.

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doubtleſs, conſidering his own demerits, did humbly aſk God, with St. Paul, "Lord, who is ſufficient for "theſe things?" and, with meek Moſes, "Lord, who "am I?" And ſure if he had conſulted with fleſh and blood he had not put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wreſtled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a bleſſing; a bleſſing of obedience to the motions of his bleſſed Spirit; and then, as he had formerly aſked God, with Moſes, "Who am I?" ſo now, being inſpired with an apprehenſion of God's particular mercy to him, in the King's and others' ſolicitations of him, he came to aſk King David's thankful queſtion, "Lord, who am "I, that thou art ſo mindful of me?" ſo mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderneſs of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; ſo merciful to me, as to move the learneſt of kings to deſcend to move me to ſerve at thy altar; ſo merciful to me, as at laſt to move my heart to embrace this holy motion: thy motions I will and do embrace; and I now ſay, with the bleſſed Virgin, "Be it with thy ſervant as ſeem-"eth beſt in thy ſight:" and ſo, bleſſed Jeſus, I do take the cup of ſalvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy goſpel.

Such ſtrifes as theſe St. Auſtin had when St. Ambroſe endeavoured his converſion to Chriſtianity,

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with which he confeſſeth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned Author (a man fit to write after no mean copy) did the like; and declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Biſhop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no ſtranger to Mr. Donne's abilities, (for he had been chaplain to the Lord Chancellor at the time of Mr. Donne's being his Lordſhip's ſecretary) that reverend man did receive the news with much gladneſs; and after ſome expreſſions of joy, and a perſuaſion to be conſtant in his pious purpoſe, he proceeded with all convenient ſpeed to ordain him both Deacon and Prieſt.

Now the Engliſh church had gained a ſecond St. Auſtin, for I think none was ſo like him before his converſion; none ſo like St. Ambroſe after it; and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other, the learning and holineſs of both.

And now all his ſtudies, which had been occaſionally diffuſed, were all concentred in divinity: now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence: now all his earthly affections were changed into divine love, and all the faculties of his own ſoul were engaged in the converſion of others, in preaching the glad tidings of remiſſion to repenting ſinners, and peace to each troubled ſoul: to theſe he applied himſelf with all

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care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "Oh! "how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of "hosts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal God gave him a spiritual blessing; and that he was now gladder to be a doorkeeper in the house of God than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.

Presently after he entered into his holy profession the King sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And though his long familiarity with scholars, and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory, yet his modesty in this employment was such, that he could not be persuaded to it, but went, usually accompanied with some one friend, to preach privately in some village not far from London, his first sermon being preached at Paddington: this he did till his Majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall, and though much were expected from him, both by his Majesty and others, yet he was so happy, which few are, as to satisfy and exceed their expectations, preaching the word so, as shewed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to instill into others: a preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for

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his auditory, ſometimes with them; always preaching to himſelf, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying ſome, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a ſacred art and courtſhip to amend their lives; here picturing a vice ſo as to make it ugly to thoſe that practiſed it, and a virtue ſo as to make it be beloved even by thoſe that loved it not; and all this with a moſt particular grace and an inexpreſſible addition of comelineſs.

There may be ſome that may incline to think (ſuch indeed as have not heard him) that my affection to my friend hath tranſported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching: if this meets with any ſuch, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witneſs for what I ſay, it being atteſted by a gentleman of worth, (Mr. Chidley, a frequent hearer of his ſermons) being part of a funeral eulogy writ by him on Dr. Donne, and a known truth, though it be in verſe.

——— Each altar had his fire———
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not baniſh, but tranſplanted it;
Taught it his place and uſe, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth beſt become.—
Tell me, had ever pleaſure ſuch a dreſs?
Have you known crimes ſo ſhap'd? or lovelineſs
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty paſſing ſin?
Corrupted Nature ſorrow'd when ſhe ſtood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wiſh'd our ſo inconſtant ears exempt
From piety that had ſuch pow'r to tempt.
Did not his ſacred flattery beguile
Man to amend?———

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More of this, and more witneſſes, might be brought; but I forbear, and return.

That ſummer, in the very ſame month in which he entered into ſacred orders, and was made the King's chaplain, his Majeſty then going his progreſs, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the univerſity of Cambridge; and Mr. Donne attending his Majeſty at that time, his Majeſty was pleaſed to recommend him to the Univerſity, to be made Doctor in Divinity. Dr. Harſnet (after Archbiſhop of York) was then Vice-Chancellor, who knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pſeudo-Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but propoſed it to the Univerſity, who preſently aſſented, and expreſſed a gladneſs that they had ſuch an occaſion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and induſtry in his profeſſion were ſo eminent, and he ſo known and ſo beloved by perſons of quality, that within the firſt year of his entering into ſacred orders he had fourteen advowſons of ſeveral benefices preſented to him; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendſhip with many whoſe converſation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

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Immediately after his return from Cambridge his wife died, leaving him a man of an unſettled eſtate, and (having buried five) the careful father of ſeven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary aſſurance never to bring them under the ſubjection of a ſtepmother, which promiſe he kept moſt faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his moſt dear and deſerving wife's grave, betaking himſelf to a moſt retired and ſolitary life.

In this retiredneſs, which was often from the ſight of his deareſt friends, he became crucified to the world, and all thoſe vanities, thoſe imaginary pleaſures, that are daily acted on that reſtleſs ſtage, and they crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think (ſeeing paſſions may be both changed and heightened by accidents) but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided ſo many pleaſant ſorrows and contented fears, as common people are not capable of; ſhe being now removed by death, a commeaſurable grief took as full a poſſeſſion of him as joy had done; and ſo indeed it did; for now his very ſoul was elementeđ of nothing but ſadneſs; now grief took ſo full a poſſeſſion of his heart as to leave no place for joy; if it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderneſs, he might bemoan himſelf without witneſs or reſtraint, and pour forth his paſ-

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ſions like Job in the days of his affliction, "Oh that I "might have the deſire of my heart! oh that God "would grant the thing that I long for!" For then, as the grave is become her houſe, ſo I would haſten to make it mine alſo, "that we two might there make "our beds together in the dark." Thus, as the Iſraelites ſate mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion, ſo he gave ſome eaſe to his oppreſſed heart by thus venting his ſorrows: thus he began the day and ended the night; ended the reſtleſs night and began the weary day in lamentations; and thus he continued till a conſideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's "Woe is unto me if I "preach not the goſpel," diſperſed thoſe ſad clouds that had now benighted his hopes, and forced him to behold the light.

His firſt motion from his houſe was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried, in St. Clement's church, near Temple-Bar, London; and his text was a part of the prophet Jeremy's Lamentation, "Lo, I am the "man that have ſeen affliction."

And indeed his very words and looks teſtified him to be truly ſuch a man; and they, with the addition of his ſighs and tears, expreſſed in his ſermon, did ſo work upon the affections of his hearers as melted and moulded them into a companionable ſadneſs, and ſo they left the congregation: but then their houſes preſented them with objects of diverſion, and his pre-

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ſented him with no diverſions, but with freſh objects of ſorrow, in beholding many helpleſs children, a narrow fortune, and a conſideration of the many cares and caſualties that attend their education.

In this time of ſadneſs he was importuned by the grave Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, once the friends of his youth, to accept of their lecture, which by reaſon of Dr. Gataker's removal from thence was then void; of which he accepted, being moſt glad to renew his intermitted friendſhip with thoſe whom he ſo much loved, and where he had been a Saul, though not to perſecute Chriſtianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the viſible practice of it, there to become a Paul, and preach ſalvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a ſhining light among his old friends: now he gave an ocular teſtimony of the ſtrictneſs and regularity of it: now he might ſay, as St. Paul adviſeth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers "of me, as I follow Chriſt, and walk as ye have me "for an example;" not the example of a buſy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmleſs, an humble, and an holy life and converſation.

The love of that noble ſociety was expreſſed to him many ways; for beſides fair lodgings that were ſet apart and newly furniſhed for him with all neceſſaries, other courteſies were daily added; indeed ſo many, and ſo freely, as if they meant their gratitude ſhould

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exceed his merits; and in this love-ſtrife of deſert and liberality they continued for the ſpace of two years, he preaching faithfully and conſtantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the Palſgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the King's only daughter, was elected and crowned king of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miſeries in that nation.

King James, whoſe motto, *Beati pacifici*, did truly ſpeak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured firſt to prevent, and after to compoſe, the diſcords of that diſcompoſed ſtate; and, amongſt other his endeavours, did then ſend the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaſter, his ambaſſador to thoſe unſettled princes; and, by a ſpecial command from his Majeſty, Dr. Donne was appointed to aſſiſt and attend that employment to the princes of the union; for which the Earl was moſt glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleaſure in his converſation and diſcourſe; and his friends of Lincoln's-Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate ſtudy, and ſadneſs for his wife's death, would, as Jacob ſaid, make his days few, and, reſpecting his bodily health, evil too; and of this there were ſome viſible ſigns.

At his going he left his friends of Lincoln's-Inn, and they him, with many reluctations; for though he could not ſay, as St. Paul to his Epheſians, "Behold,

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"you to whom I have preached the kingdom of God "shall from henceforth see my face no more," yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it; all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. God turned it to the best; for this employment (to say nothing of the event of it) did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation, and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him, who having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England he returned to his friends of Lincoln's-Inn with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved, and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany Dr. Cary was made Bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the Deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the King sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his Majesty was sate down, before he had ate any meat, he said, after his pleasant manner,

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"Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and tho' "you ſit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of "a diſh that I know you love well; for knowing you "love London, I do therefore make you Dean of "Paul's; and when I have dined, then do you take "your beloved diſh home to your ſtudy; ſay grace "there to yourſelf, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel, ſuffering, as holy David once vowed, his eyes and temples to take no reſt till he had firſt beautified the houſe of God.

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moor, (whom time had made a lover and admirer of him) came to pay to him the conditioned ſum of twenty pounds, he refuſed to receive it, and ſaid, as good Jacob did, when he heard his beloved ſon Joſeph was alive, "It is enough;" you have been kind to me and mine: I know your preſent condition is ſuch as not to abound; and I hope mine is or will be ſuch as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract; and in teſtimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admiſſion into his deanery the vicarage of St. Dunſtan-in-the-Weſt, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White, the advowſon of it having been given to him long before by his ho-

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nourable friend Richard Earl of Dorſet, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother, the late deceaſed Edward, both of them men of much honour.

By theſe, and another eccleſiaſtical endowment, which fell to him about the ſame time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make ſuch proviſion for his children, that they were not left ſcandalous, as relating to their or his profeſſion and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that preſent year, he was choſen Prolocutor to the Convocation, and about that time was appointed by his Majeſty, his moſt gracious maſter, to preach very many occaſional ſermons, as at St. Paul's Croſs, and other places; all which employments he performed to the admiration of the repreſentative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the King's diſpleaſure, and it was about this time, which was occaſioned by ſome malicious whiſperer, who had told his Majeſty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become buſy in inſinuating a fear of the King's inclining to Popery, and a diſlike of his government; and particularly for his then turning the evening lectures into catechiſing, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the

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Belief and Commandments. His Majeſty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a perſon of nobility and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendſhip, was at this very time diſcarded the court, (I ſhall forbear his name, unleſs I had a fairer occaſion) and juſtly committed to priſon, which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wiſe unleſs they be buſy about what they underſtand not, and eſpecially about religion.

The King received this news with ſo much diſcontent and reſtleſſneſs, that he would not ſuffer the ſun to ſet and leave him under this doubt, but ſent for Dr. Donne, and required his anſwer to the accuſation, which was ſo clear and ſatisfactory, that the King ſaid "he was right glad he reſted no longer under the ſuſ-"picion." When the King had ſaid this, Dr. Donne kneeled down and thanked his Majeſty, and proteſted his anſwer was faithful and free from all colluſion, and therefore deſired that he might not riſe till, as in like caſes he always had from God, ſo he might have from his Majeſty, ſome aſſurance that he ſtood clear and fair in his opinion. Then the King raiſed him from his knees with his own hands, and proteſted he believed him; and that he knew he was an honeſt man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly: and having thus diſmiſſed him, he called ſome lords

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of his council into his chamber, and said, with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my "Lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer "than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice "when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made Dean the fiftieth year of his age, and in his fifty-fourth year a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption; but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, preserved his spirit, and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body: but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body his dear friend Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester, a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to "your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to "the offer lately made us for the renewing a lease of "the best prebends corps belonging to our church; "and you know it was denied, for that our tenant, "being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as "held not proportion with his advantages; but I will

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"either raiſe him to an higher ſum, or procure that "the other reſidentiaries ſhall join to accept of what "was offered: one of theſe I can and will, by your fa- "vour, do without delay, and without any trouble "either to your body or mind: I beſeech you to ac- "cept of my offer, for I know it will be a conſider- "able addition to your preſent eſtate, which I know "needs it."

To this, after a ſhort pauſe, and raiſing himſelf upon his bed, he made this reply.

"My moſt dear friend! I moſt humbly thank you "for your many favours, and this in particular; but "in my preſent condition I ſhall not accept of your "propoſal, for, doubtleſs, there is ſuch a ſin as ſacri- "lege; if there were not, it could not have a name "in Scripture; and the primitive clergy were watch- "ful againſt all appearances of that evil; and indeed "then all Chriſtians looked upon it with horror and "deteſtation, judging it to be even an open defiance "of the power and providence of almighty God, and "a ſad preſage of a declining religion. But inſtead of "ſuch Chriſtians, who had ſelected times ſet apart to "faſt and pray to God for a pious clergy, which "they then did obey, our times abound with men "that are buſy and litigious about trifles and church- "ceremonies, and yet ſo far from ſcrupling ſacri- "lege, that they make not ſo much as a quere what

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"it is; but I thank God I have; and dare not now "upon my ſick-bed, when almighty God hath made "me uſeleſs to the ſervice of the church, make any "advantages out of it: but if he ſhall again reſtore "me to ſuch a degree of health as again to ſerve at "his altar, I ſhall then gladly take the reward which "the bountiful benefactors of this church have de- "ſigned me; for, God knows, my children and rela- "tions will need it; in which number my mother "(whoſe credulity and charity has contracted a very "plentiful to a very narrow eſtate) muſt not be for- "gotten. But, Dr. King, if I recover not, that little "worldly eſtate that I ſhall leave behind me (that "very little, when divided into eight parts) muſt, if "you deny me not ſo charitable a favour, fall into your "hands, as my moſt faithful friend and executor, of "whoſe care and juſtice I make no more doubt than "of God's bleſſing on that which I have conſcien- "tiouſly collected for them; but it ſhall not be aug- "mented on my ſick-bed; and this I declare to be my "unalterable reſolution."

The reply to this was only a promiſe to obſerve his requeſt.

Within a few days his diſtempers abated; and as his ſtrength increaſed ſo did his thankfulneſs to almighty God, teſtified in his moſt excellent book of Devotions, which he publiſhed at his recovery; in which the reader

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may ſee the moſt ſecret thoughts that then poſſeſſed his ſoul paraphraſed and made public; a book that may not unfitly be called a Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecſtaſies, occaſioned and appliable to the emergencies of that ſickneſs: which book, being a compoſition of meditations, diſquiſitions, and prayers, he writ on his ſick-bed, herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their bleſſings.

This ſickneſs brought him ſo near to the gates of death, and he ſaw the grave ſo ready to devour him, that he would often ſay his recovery was ſupernatural; but that God that then reſtored his health continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in Auguſt 1630, being with his eldeſt daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Aburyhatch in Eſſex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his conſtant infirmity, (vapours from the ſpleen) haſtened him into ſo viſible a conſumption, that his beholders might ſay, as St. Paul of himſelf, "He dies daily;" and he might ſay, with Job, "My welfare paſſeth away as a cloud; "the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and "weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this ſickneſs continued long, not only weakening but wearying him ſo much, that my deſire is he may now take ſome reſt; and that, before I ſpeak of his death, thou wilt not think it an imperti-

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nent digreſſion to look back with me upon ſome obſervations of his life, which, whilſt a gentle ſlumber gives reſt to his ſpirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exerciſe thy conſideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life, an error which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from juſtifying it; and though his wife's competent years, and other reaſons, might be juſtly urged to moderate ſevere cenſures, yet he would occaſionally condemn himſelf for it: and doubtleſs it had been attended with an heavy repentance, if God had not bleſſed them with ſo mutual and cordial affections as, in the midſt of their ſufferings, made their bread of ſorrow taſte more pleaſantly than the banquets of dull and low-ſpirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was ſo happy as if Nature, and all her varieties, had been made only to exerciſe his ſharp wit and high fancy; and in thoſe pieces which were facetiouſly compoſed and careleſsly ſcattered (moſt of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear, by his choice metaphors, that both Nature and all the arts joined to aſſiſt him with their utmoſt ſkill.

It is a truth that, in his penitential years, viewing ſome of thoſe pieces too looſely ſcattered in his youth, he wiſhed they had been abortive, or ſo ſhort lived

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that his own eyes had witneſſed their funerals; but though he was no friend to them, he was not ſo fallen out with heavenly poetry as to forſake that; no, not in his declining age, witneſſed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious compoſures. Yea, even on his former ſick-bed he wrote an Hymn to God the Father, expreſſing the great joy that then poſſeſſed his ſoul in the aſſurance of God's favour to him.

I have the rather mentioned this Hymn, for that he cauſed it to be ſet to a moſt grave and ſolemn tune, and to be often ſung to the organ by the choriſters of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing, eſpecially at the evening ſervice; and at his return from his cuſtomary devotions in that place did occaſionally ſay to a friend, "The words of this Hymn have reſtored to "me the ſame thoughts of joy that poſſeſſed my ſoul "in my ſickneſs when I compoſed it;" and "O the "power of church muſic! that harmony added to it "has raiſed the affections of my heart, and quickened "my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I obſerve "that I always return from paying this public duty of "prayer and praiſe to God with an unexpreſſible tran-"quillity of mind, and a willingneſs to leave the "world."

After this manner did the diſciples of our Saviour, and the beſt of Chriſtians in thoſe ages of the church

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nearest to his time, offer their praises to almighty God: and the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto almighty God where Dr. Donne offered his.

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross, his varying no otherwise than to affix him to an anchor (the emblem of hope): this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures, thus drawn, to be engraven very small in heliotropian stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortal

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lity, and taken poſſeſſion of the grave before him; but Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Hall, the then (late deceaſed) Biſhop of Norwich, were; and ſo were Dr. Duppa, Biſhop of Saliſbury, and Dr. Henry King; Biſhop of Chicheſter, lately deceaſed; men in whom there was ſuch a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Chriſtian humility, that they deſerve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none hath exceeded.

And in this enumeration of his friends, tho' many muſt be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not; I mean that George Herbert who was the author of The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations; a book in which, by declaring his own ſpiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raiſed many a dejected and diſcompoſed ſoul, and charmed them into ſweet and quiet thoughts; a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the aſſiſtance of that Spirit that ſeemed to inſpire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghoſt and heaven; and may, by ſtill reading, ſtill keep thoſe ſacred fires burning upon the altar of ſo pure an heart as ſhall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt him and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendſhip, made up by ſuch a ſympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be

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in each others company; and this happy friendſhip was ſtill maintained by many ſacred endearments.

The latter part of his life may be ſaid to be a continued ſtudy; for as he uſually preached once a-week, if not oftener, ſo after his ſermon he never gave his eyes reſt till he had choſen out a new text, and that night caſt his ſermon into a form, and his text into diviſions, and the next day betook himſelf to conſult the Fathers, and ſo commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he uſually gave himſelf and his mind a reſt from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and uſually ſpent that day in viſitation of friends, or ſome other diverſions of his thoughts, and would ſay, that he gave both his body and mind that refreſhment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulneſs.

Nor was his age only ſo induſtrious, but in the moſt unſettled days of his youth his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common buſineſs that drew him out of his chamber till paſt ten. All which time was employed in ſtudy; tho' he took great liberty after it: and if this ſeem ſtrange, it may gain a belief by the viſible fruits of his labours, ſome of which remain as teſtimonies of what is here written; for he left the reſultance of 1400 authors, moſt of them abridged and analyzed with his own hand; he left alſo ſixſcore of his ſermons, all writ-

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ten with his own hand; alſo an exact and laborious treatiſe concerning ſelf-murther, called Biathanatos, wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently ſurveyed and judiciouſly cenſured: a treatiſe written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the Civil and Canon law, but in many other ſuch ſtudies and arguments as enter not into the conſideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were theſe only found in his ſtudy, but all buſineſſes that paſt of any public conſequence, either in this or any of our neighbour nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for uſeful memorials; ſo he did the copies of divers letters and caſes of conſcience that had concerned his friends, with his obſervations and ſolutions of them, and divers other buſineſſes of importance, all particularly and methodically digeſted by himſelf.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him, making his will when no faculty of his ſoul was damped or made defective by pain or ſickneſs, or he ſurpriſed by a ſudden apprehenſion of death: but it was made with mature deliberation, expreſſing himſelf an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal, and a lover of his friends, whom he re-

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membered with legacies fitly and diſcreetly choſen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of ſome of them; for methinks they be perſons that ſeem to challenge a recordation in this place; as, namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Th. Grimes, he gave that ſtriking clock which he had long worn in his pocket.—To his dear friend and executor Dr. King, late Biſhop of Chicheſter, that model of gold of the ſynod of Dort, with which the States preſented him at his laſt being at the Hague—and the two pictures of Padre Paulo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning.——To his ancient friend Dr. Brook, that married him, Maſter of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the bleſſed Virgin and Joſeph.——To Dr. Winniff, who ſucceeded him in the deanery, he gave a picture called the Skeleton.——To the ſucceeding Dean, who was not then known, he gave many neceſſaries of worth, and uſeful for his houſe, and alſo ſeveral pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a deſire that they might be regiſtered, and remain as a legacy to his ſucceſſors. —To the Earls of Dorſet and of Carliſle he gave ſeveral pictures, and ſo he did to many other friends; legacies given rather to expreſs his affection than to make any addition to their eſtates: but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others who,

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by his conſtant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themſelves to be his alms-people; for all theſe he made proviſion, and ſo largely, as, having then ſix children living, might to ſome appear more than proportionable to his eſtate. I forbear to mention any more, leſt the reader may think I treſpaſs upon his patience; but I will beg his favour to preſent him with the beginning and end of his will.

"In the name of the bleſſed and glorious Trinity, "Amen. I John Donne, by the mercy of Chriſt Jeſus, "and by the calling of the Church of England, Prieſt, "being at this time in good health and perfect un-"derſtanding, (praiſed be God therefore) do hereby "make my laſt will and teſtament in manner and "form following:

"Firſt, I give my gracious God an entire ſacrifice "of body and ſoul, with my moſt humble thanks for "that aſſurance which his bleſſed Spirit imprints in "me now of the ſalvation of the one, and the reſur-"rection of the other; and for that conſtant and cheer-"ful reſolution which the ſame Spirit hath eſtabliſh-"ed in me to live and die in the religion now profeſ-"ſed in the Church of England: in expectation of "that reſurrection, I deſire my body may be buried (in "the moſt private manner that may be) in that place "of St. Paul's church, London, that the now reſi-"dentiaries have at my requeſt deſigned for that pur-

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" poſe, &c. And this my laſt will and teſtament; made " in the fear of God, (whoſe mercy I humbly beg, and " conſtantly rely upon in Jeſus Chriſt) and in perfect " love and charity with all the world, (whoſe pardon " I aſk, from the loweſt of my ſervants to the higheſt " of my ſuperiors) written all with my own hand, " and my name ſubſcribed to every page, of which " there are five in number."

Sealed Decem. 13. 1630.

Nor was this bleſſed ſacrifice of charity expreſſed only at his death, but in his life alſo, by a cheerful and frequent viſitation of any friend whoſe mind was dejected, or his fortune neceſſitous. He was inquiſitive after the wants of priſoners, and redeemed many from thence that lay for their fees or ſmall debts: he was a continual giver to poor ſcholars, both of this and foreign nations. Beſides what he gave with his own hand, he uſually ſent a ſervant, or a diſcreet and truſty friend, to diſtribute his charity to all the priſons in London at all the feſtival times of the year, eſpecially at the birth and reſurrection of our Saviour. He gave an hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and careleſſneſs became decayed in his eſtate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's ſaying he wanted not; for as there be ſome ſpirits ſo generous as to labour to con-

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ceal and endure a ſad poverty rather than thoſe bluſhes that attend the confeſſion of it, ſo there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded ſuch ſweet and compaſſionate ſouls, as to pity and prevent the diſtreſſes of mankind; which I have mentioned, becauſe of Dr. Donne's reply, whoſe anſwer was, "I "know you want not what will ſuſtain nature, for a "little will do that; but my deſire is that you, who "in the days of your plenty have cheered and raiſed "the hearts of ſo many of your dejected friends, "would now receive this from me, and uſe it as a "cordial for the cheering of your own;" and ſo it was received. He was an happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, (which he never undertook faintly, for ſuch undertakings have uſually faint effects) and they had ſuch a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never adviſed them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a moſt dutiful ſon to his mother, careful to provide for her ſupportation, of which ſhe had been deſtitute, but that God raiſed him up to prevent her neceſſities, who having ſucked in the religion of the Roman church with her mother's milk, ſpent her eſtate in foreign countries to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his houſe but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how juſt a ſteward he was of his Lord and Maſter's revenue, I have

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thought fit to let the reader know, that after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he (at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witneſſes with him) computed firſt his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uſes; and, laſtly, what reſted for him and his: he then bleſſed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer.

But I return from my long digreſſion. We left the Author ſick in Eſſex, where he was forced to ſpend much of that winter, by reaſon of his diſability to remove from that place; and having never, for almoſt twenty years, omitted his perſonal attendance on his Majeſty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent-preachers; and there being then (in January 1630) a report brought to London, or raiſed there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occaſion to write this following letter to a dear friend.

"SIR,

"This advantage you and my other friends have "by my frequent fevers, that I am ſo much the of-"tener at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by "the ſolitude and cloſe impriſonment that they re-"duce me to after, that I am ſo much the oftener at "my prayers, in which I ſhall never leave out your "happineſs; and I doubt not, among his other bleſ-

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"ſings, God will add ſome one to you for my prayers.
"A man would almoſt be content to die (if there
"were no other benefit in death) to hear of ſo much
"ſorrow, and ſo much good teſtimony from good
"men as I (God be bleſſed for it) did upon the re-
"port of my death; yet I perceive it went not through
"all; for one writ to me that ſome (and he ſaid of
"my friends) conceived I was not ſo ill as I pretend-
"ed, but withdrew myſelf to live at eaſe, diſcharged
"of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows,
"an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always
"been ſorrier when I could not preach than any
"could be they could not hear me. It hath been my
"deſire, and God may be pleaſed to grant it, that I
"might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might
"take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the ſooner
"by occaſion of thoſe labours. Sir, I hope to ſee you
"preſently after Candlemas, about which time will
"fall my Lent-ſermon at court, except my Lord
"Chamberlain believe me to be dead, and ſo leave
"me out of the roll; but as long as I live, and am not
"ſpeechleſs, I would not willingly decline that ſer-
"vice. I have better leiſure to write than you to
"read, yet I would not willingly oppreſs you with too
"much letter. God bleſs you and your ſon, as I wiſh.

"Your poor friend and ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus,

"J. DONNE."

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Before that month ended he was appointed to preach upon his old conſtant day, the firſt Friday in Lent: he had notice of it, and had in his ſickneſs ſo prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirſted for it, ſo he reſolved his weakneſs ſhould not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London ſome few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither many of his friends (who with ſorrow ſaw his ſickneſs had left him only ſo much fleſh as did only cover his bones) doubted his ſtrength to perform that taſk, and did therefore diſſuade him from undertaking it, aſſuring him, however, it was like to ſhorten his life; but he paſſionately denied their requeſts, ſaying, "He would not doubt that "that God, who in ſo many weakneſſes had aſſiſted "him with an unexpected ſtrength, would now with-"draw it in his laſt employment," profeſſing an holy ambition to perform that ſacred work. And when, to the amazement of ſome beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he preſented himſelf not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face; and doubtleſs many did ſecretly aſk that queſtion in Ezekiel, "Do "theſe bones live *? or can that ſoul organize that "tongue to ſpeak ſo long time as the ſand in that "glaſs will move towards its centre, and meaſure out

* Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

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"an hour of this dying man's unſpent life?" Doubtleſs it cannot; and yet, after ſome faint pauſes in his zealous prayer, his ſtrong deſires enabled his weak body to diſcharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God "the Lord belong the iſſues from death;" many that then ſaw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, profeſſing they thought the text prophetically choſen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral ſermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this deſired duty, he haſtened to his houſe, out of which he never moved till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his ſermon, his ſtrength being much waſted, and his ſpirits ſo ſpent as indiſpoſed him to buſineſs or to talk, a friend that had often been a witneſs of his free and facetious diſcourſe aſked him, Why are you ſad? to whom he replied, with a countenance ſo full of cheerful gravity as gave teſtimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a ſoul willing to take a farewell of this world, and ſaid,

"I am not ſad, but moſt of the night paſt I have "entertained myſelf with many thoughts of ſeveral "friends that have left me here, and are gone to that "place from which they ſhall not return; and that "within a few days I alſo ſhall go hence, and be no "more ſeen; and my preparation for this change is

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" become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which
" my infirmities have now made reſtleſs to me: but
" at this preſent time I was in a ſerious contemplation
" of the providence and goodneſs of God to me, who
" am leſs than the leaſt of his mercies; and looking
" back upon my life paſt, I now plainly ſee it was his
" hand that prevented me from all temporal employ-
" ment, and it was his will that I ſhould never ſettle
" nor thrive till I entered into the miniſtry; in which
" I have now lived almoſt twenty years, (I hope to his
" glory) and by which, I moſt humbly thank him, I
" have been enabled to requite moſt of thoſe friends
" which ſhewed me kindneſs when my fortune was
" very low, as God knows it was; and (as it hath oc-
" caſioned the expreſſion of my gratitude) I thank
" God moſt of them have ſtood in need of my requital.
" I have lived to be uſeful and comfortable to my good
" father-in-law Sir George Moor, whoſe patience
" God hath been pleaſed to exerciſe with many tem-
" poral croſſes; I have maintained my own mother,
" whom it hath pleaſed God, after a plentiful fortune
" in her younger days, to bring to a great decay in
" her very old age; I have quieted the conſciences of
" many that have groaned under the burthen of a
" wounded ſpirit, whoſe prayers I hope are available
" for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, eſpecially
" of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful
" God, who is not willing to ſee what I have done

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"amiss: and though of myself I have nothing to pre-
"sent to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks
"not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in
"my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this time,
"some testimonies by his holy Spirit that I am of the
"number of his elect: I am therefore full of joy, and
"shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox, a man of great worth, came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, "That by cor-
"dials and drinking milk twenty days together, there
"was a probability of his restoration to health;" but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, "he had
"drunk it more to satisfy him than to recover his
"health; and that he would not drink it ten days
"longer upon the best moral assurance of having
"twenty years added to his life, for he loved it not;
"and that he was so far from fearing death, which is
"the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of
"his dissolution."

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commenda-

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tion is rooted in the very nature of man, and that thoſe of the ſevereſt and moſt mortified lives, though they may become ſo humble as to baniſh ſelf-flattery, and ſuch weeds as naturally grow there, yet they have not been able to kill this deſire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it ſhould do ſo; and we want not ſacred examples to juſtify the deſire of having our memory to outlive our lives, which I mention, becauſe Dr. Donne, by the perſuaſion of Dr. Fox, eaſily yielded, at this very time, to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to perſuade how or what it ſhould be; that was left to Dr. Donne himſelf.

This being reſolved upon, Dr. Donne ſent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compaſs and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the height of his body: theſe being got, then, without delay, a choice painter was to be in a readineſs to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth—Several charcoal fires being firſt made in his large ſtudy, he brought with him into that place his winding-ſheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this ſheet put on him, and ſo tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands ſo placed as dead bodies are uſually fitted to be ſhrowded and put into the grave: upon this urn he thus ſtood with his eyes ſhut, and with ſo much of

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the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour. Thus he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued, and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. King, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in the cathedral church of St. Paul's; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment these words were to be affixed to it as his epitaph:

JOHANNES DONNE,
Sac. Theol. Professor,
Post varia studia quibus ab annis tenerrimis
fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit;
Instinctu et impulsu Sp. Sancti, monitu et hortatu
Regis Jacobi, Ordines Sacros amplexus
Anno sui Jesu 1614; et suæ ætatis 42.
Decanatu hujus Ecclesiæ indutus 27 Novembris 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die Martii 1631.
Hic licet in occiduo cinere aspicit Eum
Cujus nomen est Oriens.

Upon Monday following he took his last leave of his beloved study, and, being sensible of his hourly

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decay, retired himſelf to his bed-chamber; and that week ſent at ſeveral times for many of his moſt conſiderable friends, with whom he took a ſolemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their conſiderations ſome ſentences uſeful for the regulation of their lives, and then diſmiſſed them, as good Jacob did his ſons, with a ſpiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his ſervants, that if there were any buſineſs undone that concerned him or themſelves, it ſhould be prepared againſt Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with any thing that concerned this world, nor ever did; but as Job, ſo he "waited for the appointed time of "his diſſolution."

And now he had nothing to do but to die; to do which he ſtood in need of no longer time, for he had ſtudied it long, and to ſo happy a perfection, that in a former ſickneſs he called God to witneſs he was that minute ready to deliver his ſoul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his diſſolution*. In that ſickneſs he begged of God the conſtancy to be preſerved in that eſtate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal ſoul diſrobed from her garment of mortality makes me confident he now had a modeſt aſſurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earneſtly

* In his book of Devotions.

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expecting his hourly change; and in the laſt hour of his laſt day, as his body melted away and vapoured into ſpirit, his ſoul having, I verily believe, ſome revelation of the beatifical viſion, he ſaid, "I were miſerable if I might not die;" and after thoſe words cloſed many periods of his faint breath by ſaying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His ſpeech, which had long been his ready and faithful ſervant, left him not till the laſt minute of his life, and then forſook him, not to ſerve another maſter, but died before him; for that it was become uſeleſs to him that now converſed with God on earth, as angels are ſaid to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being ſpeechleſs, he did, as St. Stephen, "look ſtedfaſtly towards heaven, till he ſaw the Son of God "ſtanding at the right hand of his Father;" and being ſatisfied with this bleſſed ſight, as his ſoul aſcended, and his laſt breath departed from him, he cloſed his own eyes; and then diſpoſed his hands and body into ſuch a poſture as required not the leaſt alteration by thoſe that came to ſhroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous, was the life; thus excellent, thus exemplary, was the death, of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church which he had appointed for that uſe ſome years before his death, and by which he paſſed daily to pay his

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public devotions to almighty God; (who was then served twice a-day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place) but he was not buried privately, tho' he desired it; for beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did shew it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

To which place of his burial some mournful friends repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course they (who were never yet known) continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing till the stones that were taken up in that church to give his body admission into the cold earth (now his bed of rest) were again, by the mason's art, so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor; persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent

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to his two faithful friends * and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but after the death of Dr. Fox it was known that it was he that ſent it; and he lived to ſee as lively a repreſentation of his dead friend as marble can expreſs; a ſtatue indeed ſo like Dr. Donne, that (as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expreſſed himſelf) it ſeems to breathe faintly, and poſterity ſhall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of ſtature moderately tall, of a ſtraight and equally proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpreſſible addition of comelineſs.

The melancholy and pleaſant humour were in him ſo contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was inimitably high, equalled only by his great wit, both being made uſeful by a commanding judgment.

His aſpect was cheerful, and ſuch as gave a ſilent teſtimony of a clear knowing ſoul, and of a conſcience at peace with itſelf.

His melting eye ſhewed that he had a ſoft heart, full of noble compaſſion; of too brave a ſoul to offer injuries, and too much a Chriſtian not to pardon them in others.

* Dr. King and Dr. Monfort.

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He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of heaven; and would often say, "Blessed be God that he is "God divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it; a great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body; that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:

But I shall see it reanimated.

J. W.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these Poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well they might) upon the Author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests likewise, that now frights them

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from this country, where they have been ſo ingeniouſly received; but theſe rude pretenders to excellencies they unjuſtly own, who, profanely ruſhing into Minerva's temple, with noiſome airs blaſt the laurel which thunder cannot hurt. In this ſad condition theſe learned Siſters are fled over to beg your Lordſhip's protection, who have been ſo certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confuſion, have ſo entirely preſerved your honour, that in your Lordſhip we may ſtill read a moſt perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatneſs: ſo that although theſe Poems were formerly written upon ſeveral occaſions to ſeveral perſons, they now unite themſelves, and are become one pyramid to ſet your Lordſhip's ſtatue upon, where you may ſtand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muſes, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his Poems that wanted only ſo noble a ſubject.

My Lord, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHN DONNE.

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VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

HEXASTICHON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

I see in his last preach'd and printed book
His picture in a sheet; in Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone,
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead; these if you buy
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR.

HEXASTICHON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

INCERTI.

In thy impression of DONNE's Poems rare
For his eternity thou hast ta'en care:
'Twas well and pious; and for ever may
He live: yet I shew thee a better way;
Print but his sermons, and if those we buy
He, we, and thou, shall live t'eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;

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To it thy language, letters, arts, beſt life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a ſtrife:
All which I mean to praiſe, and yet I would,
But leave becauſe I cannot as I ſhould.

BEN. JOHNSON.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who ſhall doubt, Donne! where I a poet be,
When I dare ſend my Epigrams to thee?
That ſo alone canſt judge, ſo alone make,
And in thy cenſures evenly doſt take
As free ſimplicity to diſavow
As thou haſt beſt authority t' allow.
Read all I ſend; and if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title 's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps do write
Let punys', porters', players', praiſe delight,
And till they burſt their backs like aſſes load:
A man ſhould ſeek great glory and not broad.

BEN. JOHNSON.

To the memory of my ever-deſired friend,

DR. DONNE.

To have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'ſt flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit is not ſafe,
For ſuch exceſſes find no epitaph.

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At common graves we have poetique eyes
Can melt themſelves in eaſie elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verſe,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearſe;
But at thine, poem or inſcription
(Rich ſoul of wit and language) we have none:
Indeed a ſilence does that tomb befit
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention juſtly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great patron, whoſe prerogative
Maintain'd and cloath'd her ſo, as none alive
Muſt now preſume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dowry' eſtate:
Or elſe that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
Which might prophane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a ſtyle
Unworthy ſuch a theme, does but revile
Thy precious duſt, and wake a learned ſpirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit;
For all a low-pitcht fancie can deviſe
Will prove at beſt but hallow'd injuries.
Thou, like the dying ſwan *, didſt lately ſing
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the King,

* His laſt Sermon at court.

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When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and propheſy'd by all
Thou thither cam'ſt to preach thy funeral.
O! hadſt thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The ſolemn meaſure of thy griev'd retreat,
Thou might'ſt the poet's ſervice now have miſt,
As well as then thou didſt prevent the prieſt,
And never to the world beholden be
So much as for an epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office; nor is 't fit
Thou, who didſt lend our age ſuch ſums of wit,
Shouldſt not re-borrow from her bankrupt myne
That ore to bury thee which once was thine:
Rather ſtill leave us in thy debt; and know,
(Exalted Soul!) more glory 't is to owe
Unto thy hearſe, what we can never pay,
Than with embaſed coyn thoſe rites defray.
Commit me then thee to thyſelf; nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
Leave thee executor, ſince but thy own
No pen could do thee juſtice, nor bays crown
Thy vaſt deſert; ſave that we nothing can
Depute to be thy aſhes' guardian.
So jewellers no art or metal truſt
To form the diamond but the diamond's duſt.

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In obitum venerabilis viri

JOHANNIS DONNE,

Sacræ Theologiæ Doctoris, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis D. Pauli nuper Decani; illi honoris, tibi (multùm mihi colende vir) observantiæ ergo hæc ego.

Conquerar? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lacrymæ, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
Defuncti, et tacito sinite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta liturræ
Verba. Tuis, (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude poetam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa; repentinos tua noscęret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi et culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente coactos
Scribimus audaces numeros, et flebile carmen
Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? et immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, et quæ poterant fecisse beatum.
Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.

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Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impalleſcere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, et totidem olfeciſſe lucernas?
Decolor et longos ſtudiis deperdere ſoles,
Ut priùs, aggredior, longamque acceſſere famam.
Omnia ſed fruſtra: mihi dum cunctiſque minatur
Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.
Nam poſt te ſperare nihil decet: hoc mihi reſtat,
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obſcurus in auras
Spiritus: O doctis ſaltem ſi cognitus umbris
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire ſonos, et verba diſerti
Oris, et æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces:
Queis ferus infernæ tacuiſſet janitor aulæ
Auditis, Niluſque minùs ſtrepuiſſet; Arion
Cederet, et, ſylvas qui poſt ſe traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio ſic ille viros, ſic ille movere
Voceſeros potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infeſtus, non motus ut illo
Hortante, et blando victus ſermone fileret?
Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat;
Singula ſic decuêre ſenem, ſic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi, et ſtupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ ſtetit, et mirâ gravitate levantes
Corda oculoſque viros tenuit: dum Neſtoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto magè dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit myſteria plebi
Non conceſſa priùs, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus aſtant.

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Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
Triſtia pertractat; fatumque et flebile mortis
Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quòd corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres;
Forſitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum ſtillat rorem: ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit ſuccumbere turbam,
Affectuſque ciere ſuos, et ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, roſtriſque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci et forſan pietate nocenti
In nimiâ ignoſcas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus,
Omnibus inferior quanto eſt et peſſimus, impar
Laudibus hiſce, tibi qui nunc facit iſta, poëta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi ſacra? poëtæ,
Deſinite: en fati centus ſibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmiſit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et cygneâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba et magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc Rex, tunc Proceres, Clerus, tunc aſtitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in telhure recumbit,
Vermibus eſca, pio malint niſi parcere: quidni
Incipiant et amare famen? Metuêre leones
Sic olim; ſacroſque artus violare Prophetæ
Bellua non auſa eſt, quanquam jejuna, ſitimque
Optaret nimis humano ſatiare cruore.

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At non hæc de te ſperabimus; omina carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forſan metrico pede ſerpet ab inde.
Veſcere, et exhauſto ſatia te ſanguine. Jam nos
Adſumus; et poſt te cupiet quis vivere? poſt te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam poſt te vivere mors eſt.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Suſtinet et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non feſtinanti æternùm requieſcere turbæ.
Ipſa ſatis properat, quæ neſcit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rurſus (Venerande) Vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus et quo dura volet Natura, ſequemur.
Depoſitum interea lapides, ſervate fideles.
Fœlices! illâ queis Ædis parte loçari,
Quâ jacet iſte, datur. Forſan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus teſtantia luctus
Verba; et carminibus, quæ Domni ſuggeret illi
Spiritus, inſolitos teſtari voçe calores
Incipiet: (non ſic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.)
Mole ſub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum eſt
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit Ædi huic,
Formoſi pecoris paſtor formoſior ipſe.
Ite igitur, digniſque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et, quæ demuntur vitæ, date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religioſiſſimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

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ON THE DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

I CANNOT blame thoſe men that knew thee well,
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful elegies; there's not language known
Fit for thy mention but 't was firſt thy own.
The epitaphs thou writ'ſt have ſo bereſt
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee: what henceforth we ſee
Of art or nature muſt reſult from thee,
There may, perchance, ſome buſy-gathering friend
Steal from thy own Works, and that, varied, lend
Which thou beſtow'dſt on others, to thy hearſe,
And ſo thou ſhalt live ſtill in thine own verſe:
He that ſhall venture farther may commit
A pity'd error; ſhew his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong: virtue may aim
Reward of conſcience, never can of Fame;
Since her great trumpet's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then muſt write, that would define thy parts,
Here lies the beſt Divinity, all the Arts.

EDW. HYDE.

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An Elegie upon the incomparable

DR. DONNE.

All is not well when ſuch a one as I
Dare peep abroad and write an elegy:
When ſmaller ſtars appear, and give their light,
Phœbus is gone to bed. Were it not night,
And the world witleſs now that Donne is dead,
You ſooner ſhould have broke than ſeen my head.
Dead! did I ſay? forgive this injurie
I do him and his worth's infinitie,
To ſay he is but dead; I dare aver
It better may be term'd a maſſacre
Than ſleep or death. See how the Muſes mourn
Upon their oaten reeds! and from his urn
Threaten the world with this calamity,
They ſhall have ballads, but no poetry.
Language lies ſpeechleſs, and divinitie
Loſt ſuch a trump as ev'n to ecſtaſie
Could charm the ſoul, and had an influence
To teach beſt judgments and pleaſe dulleſt ſenſe.
The court, the church, the univerſitie,
Loſt Chaplain, Dean, and Doctor, all theſe three.
It was his merit that his funeral
Could cauſe a loſs ſo great and general.

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If there be any spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live,
Speak, doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of Fate?
Methinks corruption, worms, what else is foul,
Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
I could believe they do, but that I know
What inconvenience might hereafter grow;
Succeeding ages would idolatrize,
And as his numbers so his reliques prize.
If that philosopher which did avow
The world to be but motes were living now,
He would affirm that th' atomes of his mould,
Were they in several bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of travellers, divines,
Of linguists, poets; sith these several lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's circumference.
I could believe this too, and yet my faith
Not want a precedent. The phœnix hath
(And such was he) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herself perpetuate.
But, busy Soul! thou dost not well to pry
Into these secrets; grief and jealousy
The more they know the further still advance,
And find no way so safe as ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his soul, which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, known but of few,

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(Save thoſe of purer mould) is now tranſlated
From earth to heaven, and there conſtellated;
For if each prieſt of God ſhine as a ſtar,
His glory 's as his gifts, 'bove others far.

HEN. VALENTINE.

AN ELEGIE UPON DR. DONNE.

Our Donne is dead! England ſhould mourn, may ſay
We had a man where Language choſe to ſtay,
And ſhew her graceful pow'r. I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit, (which in theſe vain days
Make many proud) but as they ſerv'd t' unlock
That cabinet his mind, where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this gen'ral cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoice I am not ſo ſevere
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his deceaſe: ſuch ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write elegies.
And wonder not; for when a gen'ral leſs
Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſs,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
From ſtupefaction; witneſs my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world, tho' now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age! oh! I would ſpare thee, but th' art worſe,
Thou art not only dull, but haſt a curſe

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Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow
For thee and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth ſcatter poetry, wherein
Was all philoſophy? was every ſin
Character'd in his Satires, made ſo foul,
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their ſoul
Safer by reading verſe? Did he give days,
Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) theſe at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd, did his full ſoul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown * of Sacred Sonnets, fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that bleſt head of Mary Magdalen,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſt's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhe
And he to uſe) leave us a Litanie
Which all devout men love? and ſure it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſical.
Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
Equal to thoſe great, grave, Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and uſe of phyſic? (but becauſe

* La Corona.

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'Twas mercenary wav'd it) went to see
The blessed place of Christ's nativitie?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none did, none could? those know,
Such as were blest to hear him, this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged, convert the youth?
Did he these wonders? and is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few for so great a cross.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear,
By repetitions, to renew our care;
Or knowing grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poyson'd fumes
Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With Donne in heav'n, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have; for with him all
Are satisfy'd with joys essential.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts: oh! do not call
Grief back by thinking of his funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years
(Which haste to David's seventy) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts;
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him;

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Forget his powerful preaching, and forget
I am his convert. Oh! my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy; so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no encomium, but this elegy,
Which as a free-will off'ring I here give
Fame and the world; and, parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument great as Donne's matchless worth.

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the grave
Clos'd thy dear ashes, and the tears which flow
In these have no springs but of solid woe;
Or they are drops which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in prose.
All streams of verse which shall lament that day
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompense of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were:
Thou madst our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin;

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We owe thee all thoſe tears, now thou art dead,
Which we ſhed not, which for ourſelves we ſhed:
Nor didſt thou only conſecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears,
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence;
Thou didſt from gladneſs ſeparate offence.
All minds at once ſuckt grace from thee, as where
(The curſe revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious diſſector, they one hour did treat
The thouſand mazes of the heart's deceit:
Thou didſt purſue our lov'd and ſubtile ſin,
Thro' all the foldings we have wrapt it in
And in thine own large mind finding the way
By which ourſelves we from ourſelves convey,
Didſt in us, narrow models, know the ſame
Angels, tho' darker, in our meaner frame.
How ſhort of praiſe is this? My Muſe, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can paſs.
He that writes beſt can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me muſt confeſs
That Fancy finds ſome check, from an exceſs
Of merit moſt, of nothing it hath ſpun,
And truth, as reaſon's taſk and theme, doth ſhun:
She makes a fairer flight in emptineſs
Than when a bodied truth doth her oppreſs.
Reaſon again denys her ſcales, becauſe
Her's are but ſcales, ſhe judges by the laws

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Of weak comparison; thy virtue slights
Her feeble beam and her unequal weights.
What prodigie of wit and pietie
Hath she else known by which to measure thee?
Great Soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were than what you are express.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

An Elegie upon the Dean of St. Paul's,

DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CARY.

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne! an elegy
To crown thy hearse? why yet dare we not trust,
Tho' with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy dust?
Such as the unsciss'or'd churchman from the flow'r
Of fading rhetorique, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? didst thou dispense
Thro' all our language both the words and sense?
'Tis a sad truth. The Pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures, but the flame

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Of thy brave ſoul, that ſhot ſuch heat and light
As burnt our earth, and made our darkneſs bright,
Committed holy rapes upon our will,
Did thro' the eye the melting heart diſtil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths ſo teach,
As ſenſe might judge what fancy could not reach,
Muſt be deſir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with ſpirit and heat the Delphique choir,
Which, kindled firſt by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quencht now in thy death.
The Muſes' garden, with pedantique weeds
O'erſpread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy ſeeds
Of ſervile imitation thrown away,
And freſh invention planted. Thou didſt pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique fury, when our ſouls muſt be
Poſſeſt or with Anacreon's ecſtaſie
Or Pindar's, not their own. The ſubtile cheat
Of ſhe-exchanges, and the jugling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatſoever wrong
By our's was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hadſt redeem'd, and open'd us a myne
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of maſculine expreſſion, which had good
Old Orpheus ſeen, or all the ancient brood
Our ſuperſtitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burniſh'd gold,

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Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They in each other's dust had rak'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvantage greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our stubborn language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine thy only hands
(And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetrie:
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Were banish'd nobler poems: now with these
The silenc'd tales o' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age,
Turn ballad-rhyme; or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apostasie.

Oh! pardon me; that break with untun'd verſe
The rev'rend ſilence that attends thy herſe,
Whoſe awful ſolemn murmurs were to thee,
More than theſe faint lines, a loud elegie,
That did proclaim, in a dumb eloquence,
The death of all the Arts; whoſe influence,
Grown feeble, in theſe panting numbers lies
Gaſping ſhort-winded accents, and ſo dies.
So doth the ſwiftly-turning wheel not ſtand
In th' inſtant we withdraw the moving hand,
But ſome ſmall time maintains a faint weak courſe,
By virtue of the firſt impulſive force;
And ſo, whilſt I caſt on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh! let it crack a while,
And ſpit diſdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moiſture up, then turn to aſhes.
I will not draw the envy to engroſs
All thy perfections, or weep all our loſs;
Thoſe are too numerous for an elegie,
And this too great to be expreſs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen ſhould ſhare a diſtinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reſt; it ſhall ſuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incriſe:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerſal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both theſe the beſt,
Apollo's firſt, at laſt the true God's prieſt.

AN ELEGIE ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CARY.

POETS! attend; the elegie I sing
Both of a double flamed priest and king:
Instead of coats and pendants bring your verse,
For you must be chief mourners at his hearse:
A tomb your Muse must to his fame supply,
No other monuments can never die:
And as he was a two-fold priest, in youth
Apollo's, afterwards the voice of Truth;
God's conduit pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary embassador;
So let his liegers with the poets joyn;
Both having shares, both must in grief combine.
Whilst Johnson forceth with his elegie
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
(Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gusht
From forth the rock, and like a torrent rusht)
Let Laud his funeral-sermon preach, and show
Those virtues dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
To be Good-Friday by the church's tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppress our powers,
Lest that his fun'ral-sermon should prove ours;
Nor yet forget that heavenly eloquence
With which he did the bread of life dispense;

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Preacher and orator discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts;
And the first such (tho' a long-studied art
Tell us our soul is all in every part)
None was so marble but, whilst him he hears,
His soul so long dwelt only in his ears,
And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that blest food
Their hearts. His seed in none could fail to grow;
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all
So catholiquely a curing cordial.
Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store;
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on work-days his poetry,
Itself was oftentimes divinity;
Those Anthems (almost second psalms) he writ
To make us know the cross, and value it,
(Altho' we owe that reverence to that name
We should not need warmth from an under-flame)
Creates a fire in us so near extreme,
That we would dye for and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count divine, except a Puritan;
And that, but for the name, nor this nor those
Want any thing of sermons but the prose.
Experience makes us see that many a one
Owes to his country his religion,

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And in another would as ſtrongly grow,
Had but his nurſe and mother taught him ſo:
Not he the ballaſt on his judgment hung,
Nor did his preconceit do either wrong.
He labour'd to exclude whatever ſin,
By time or careleſſneſs, had enter'd in;
Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loth
A too hot zeal ſhould force him burn them both;
Nor would allow of that ſo ignorant gall
Which, to ſave bletting, often would blot all;
Nor did thoſe barbarous opinions own,
To think the organs ſin and faction now:
Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his ſermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, ſuch gravity
With humbleneſs, and both with piety.
So mild was Moſes' count'nance when he pray'd
For them whoſe Sataniſm his pow'r gainſay'd;
And ſuch his gravity, when all God's hand
Receiv'd his word (thro' him) at ſecond hand,
Which joyn'd, did flames of more devotion move
Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
Now, to conclude, I muſt my reaſon bring
Wherefore I call'd him in his title King.
That kingdom the philoſophers believ'd
To excel Alexander's, nor were griev'd
By fear of loſs (that being ſuch a prey
No ſtronger than one's ſelf can force away)

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The kingdom of one's self, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority so well employ'd,
That never any could before become
So great a monarch in so small a room:
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheares by the first mover go;
Banisht so far their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man:
Then let his last excuse his first extreams;
His age saw visions, tho' his youth dream'd dreams.

ON DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Long since this task of tears from you was due;
Long since, O Poets! he did die to you,
Or left you dead, when Wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers! 'tis you must weep; the wit he taught
You do enjoy; the rebels which he brought
From ancient discord, giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies:
Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet,
He reconcil'd, and bid th' usurper go;
Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;

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Taught it his place and uſe, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth beſt become.
He ſhew'd us how for ſins we ought to ſigh,
And how to ſing Chriſt's epithalamy.
The altars had his fires, and there he ſpoke
Incenſe of loves, and fancy's holy ſmoke,
Religion thus enrich'd the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the faſhion gain'd.
The firſt effects ſprung in the giddy mind
Of flaſhy youth, and thirſt of woman-kind,
By colours led, and drawn to a purſuit,
Now once again by beauty of the fruit,
As if their longings too muſt ſet us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleaſure ſuch a dreſs?
Have you known crimes ſo ſhap'd? or lovelineſs
Such as his lips did cloath religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty paſſing ſin?
Corrupted Nature ſorrow'd when ſhe ſtood
So near the danger of becoming good,
And wiſh'd our ſo inconſtant ears exempt
From piety that had ſuch pow'r to tempt.
Did not his ſacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? the law, taught to ſmile,
Penſion'd our vanity, and man grew well
Thro' the ſame frailty by the which he fell.
O the ſick ſtate of man! health doth not pleaſe
Our taſtes, but in the ſhape of the diſeaſe.

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Thriftleſs is charity, coward patience,
Juſtice is cruel, mercy want of ſenſe.
What means our nature to bar Virtue place,
If ſhe do come in her own cloaths and face?
Is good a pill we dare not chaw to know?
Senſe, the ſoul's ſervant, doth it keep us ſo
As we might ſtarve for good, unleſs it firſt
Do leave a pawn of reliſh in the guſt?
Or have we to ſalvation no tie
At all but that of our infirmitie?
Who treats with us muſt our affections move
To th' good we flie by thoſe ſweets which we love;
Muſt ſeek our palats, and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, muſt bribe our appetite.
Theſe trains he knew, and, laying nets to ſave,
Temptingly ſugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
Appear, the better voyce is fled, to have
A thouſand times the ſweetneſs which it gave.
I cannot ſay how many thouſand ſpirits
The ſingle happineſs this ſoul inherits
Damns in the other world, ſouls whom no croſs
O' th' ſenſe afflicts but only of the loſs;
Whom ignorance would half ſave, all whoſe pain
Is not in what they feel, but others' gain;
Self-executing wretched ſpirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, tranſport their envy too.

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But thoſe high joys which his wit's youngeſt flame
Would hurt to chooſe, ſhall not we hurt to name?
Verſe-ſtatues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument thus doth not give, but take:
As ſails which ſeamen to a fore-wind fit
By a reſiſtance go along with it;
So pens grow while they leſſen fame ſo left;
A weak aſſiſtance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon
Muſt weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH.

ON DR. DONNE'S DEATH,

BY MR. MAYNE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who ſhall preſume to mourn thee, Donne! unleſs
He could his tears in thy expreſſions dreſs,
And teach his grief that rev'rence of thy hearſe,
To weep lines learned as thy Anniverſe?
A poem of that worth, whoſe every tear
Deſerves the title of a ſeveral year;
Indeed ſo far above its reader good,
That we are thought wits when 't is underſtood.
There that bleſt maid to dye who now ſhould grieve?
After thy ſorrow 't were her loſs to live,
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made ſaints in thine.

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Hadſt thou been ſhallower, and not writ ſo high,
Or left ſome new way for our pen or eye
To ſhed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb
Had not been ſpeechleſs, or our Muſes dumb;
But now we dare not write, but muſt conceal
Thy epitaph, leſt we be thought to ſteal:
For who hath read thee, and diſcerns thy worth,
That will not ſay thy careleſs hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our ſtudies, and thy play
Was happier than our ſerious time of day?
So learned was thy chance, thy haſte had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd raſhly fit.
What was thy recreation turns our brain,
Our rack and paleneſs is thy weakeſt ſtrain;
And when we moſt come near thee, 't is our bliſs
To imitate thee where thou doſt amiſs.
Here light your Muſe, you that do only think
And write, and are juſt poets as you drink,
In whoſe weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow
Juſt as your reck'nings riſe, that we may know,
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flaſh you wrote in wine, and that in beer.
This is to tap your Muſe, which, running long,
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half ſo ſtrong;
Poor ſuburb wits, who if you want your cup,
Or if a lord recover, are blown up.
Could you but reach this height, you ſhould not need
To make each meal a project ere you feed,

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Nor walk in reliques' cloaths ſo old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennius were;
Nor ſhould your love in verſe call miſtreſs thoſe
Who are mine hoſteſs, or your whores, in proſe.
From this Muſe learn to court, whoſe power could
A cloyſter'd coldneſs or a Veſtal love, [move
And would convey ſuch errants to their ear,
That ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, Donne! and this low praiſe
Is written only for thy younger days:
I am not grown up for thy riper parts,
Then ſhould I praiſe thee thro' the tongues and arts,
And have that deep divinity to know
What myſteries did from thy preaching flow,
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy ſermons ear was all our ſenſe.
Yet I have ſeen thee in the pulpit ſtand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand,
And from thy ſpeaking action bear away
More ſermon than ſome teachers uſe to ſay.
Such was thy carriage, and thy geſture ſuch,
As could divide the heart, and conſcience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might ſee
An errour vanquiſh'd by delivery:
Not like our ſons of zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit ſtorm,
And beat the cuſhion into worſe eſtate
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;

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Who can out-pray the glaſs, then lay about
Till all predeſtination be run out,
And from the point ſuch tedious uſes draw,
Their repetitions would make goſpel law.
No; in ſuch temper would thy ſermons flow,
So well did doctrine and thy language ſhow,
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The court would mend, and a good Chriſtian be;
And ladies, tho' unhandſome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine urn,
We cannot hope the like till thou return.

UPON MR. J. DONNE

AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares ſay thou art dead, when he doth ſee
Unburied yet this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives freſh flame,
And, tho' thou 'rt Donne, yet will preſerve thy name?
Thy fleſh (whoſe channels left their crimſon hue,
And whey-like ran at laſt in a pale blue)
May ſhew thee mortal; a dead palſy may
Seiſe on 't, and quickly turn it into clay,
Which, like the Indian earth, ſhall riſe refin'd;
But this great ſpirit thou haſt left behind,
This ſoul of Verſe, in its firſt pure eſtate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate,

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But not come near; for in thy fancy's flight
Thou doſt not ſtoop unto the vulgar ſight,
But hovering highly in the air of Wit,
Holdſt ſuch a pitch that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object that the ſpring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn earth's face, thou ſweetly didſt contrive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive
Unſpotted lilly's white; which thou didſt ſet
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
Making them ſoft and warm, and by thy power
Couldſt give both life and ſenſe unto a flower.
The cherries thou haſt made to ſpeak will be
Sweeter unto the taſte than from the tree;
And, ſpight of winter-ſtorms, amidſt the ſnow
Thou oft' haſt made the bluſhing roſe to grow.
The ſea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have ſent their pearls and rubies from the deep
To deck thy love, and, plac'd by thee, they drew
More luſtre to them than where firſt they grew.
All minerals that earth's full womb doth hold
Promiſcuouſly thou couldſt convert to gold,
And with thy flaming raptures ſo refine,
That it was much more pure than in the myne.
The lights that gild the night, if thou didſt ſay
They look like eyes, thoſe did outſhine the day;
For there would be more virtue in ſuch ſpells
Than in meridians or croſs-parallels.

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Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend or wit could name,
It was thy theme for beauty: thou didst see
Woman was this fair world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires, too, and ev'ry strain
With nervy strength that issu'd from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praise.
But thy diviner poems, whose clear fire
Purges all dross away, shall by a choir
Of cherubims with heav'nly notes be set:
(Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There purest spirits sing such sacred lays
In panegyrique hallelujahs.

ARTH. WILSON.

IN MEMORY OF DR. DONNE,

BY MR. R. B.

Donne dead! 't is here reported true, tho' I
Ne'er yet so much desir'd to hear a lye.
'Tis true, too true, for so we find it still,
Good news are often false, but seldom ill.
But must poor Fame tell us his fatal day,
And shall we know his death the common way?
Methinks some comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man; for tho' of old

'Tis held that comets princes' deaths foretell,
Why ſhould not his have needed one as well,
Who was the prince of wits, 'mongſt whom he reign'd
High as a prince, and as great ſtate maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his ſign, for we have ſeen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been,
Treading on harveſt heels, which doth preſage
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for tho' there be
Much grain in ſhew, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are miſers, or if true want raiſes
The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty
Of learning, languages, of eloquence, [praiſes.
And poeſie, paſt raviſhing of ſenſe,
He had a magazine, wherein ſuch ſtore
Was laid up as might hundreds ſerve of poor.
But he is gone! O! how will his deſire
Torture all thoſe that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I ſee him in the pulpit ſtanding,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we that heard him to ourſelves did feign
Golden Chryſoſtome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we ſaw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he ſhame the doctrine-men, and uſe,
With helps to boot for men to bear th' abuſe
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expenſe
Of time, O ſpent in heark'ning to nonſenſe!

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With marks also enough, whereby to know
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so.
'Tis true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r;
They hummm'd against him, and with face most sow'r
Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a macaroon,
And no way fit to speak to clouted shoon.
"As fine words truly as you would desire;
"But, verily, but a bad edifier."
Thus did these beetles slight in him that good
They could not see, and much less understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuff
Both wrought, he was a candle, they the snuff.
Well, Wisdom's of her children justify'd,
Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside;
Nor, tho' of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his book should save him; rather slily
I should advise his clergy not to pray,
'Tho' of the learnedst sort; methinks that they
Of the same trade are judges not so fit;
'There's no such emulation as of wit.
Of such the envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' other's ignorance.
It was his fate, I know't, to be envy'd
As much by clerks as laymen magnify'd:
And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, lest some should say that I
Am stray'd to satire, meaning elegy.

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No, no; had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,
A jury I would ſummon on his ſide
That had no ſides nor factions paſt the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from paſſion, ſuch
As not to fear nor flatter e'er were bred;
Theſe would I bring, tho' called from the dead:
Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorſet's earls,
Huntington, Bedford's counteſſes, the pearls
Once of each ſex. If theſe ſuffice not, I
Ten *decem tales*, have of ſtanders-by;
All which for Donne would ſuch a verdict give
As can belong to none that now doth live.
  But what do I? a diminution 't is
To ſpeak of him in verſe ſo ſhort of his,
Whereof he was the maſter; all, indeed,
Compar'd with him pip'd on an oaten reed.
O that you had but one, 'mongſt all your brothers,
Could write for him as he hath done for others!
Poets I ſpeak to: when I ſee 't I'll ſay
My eyeſight betters as my years decay.
Mean-time a quarrel I ſhall ever have
Againſt theſe doughty keepers from the grave,
Who uſe, it ſeems, their old authority,
When verſes men immortal make they cry;
Which had it been a *recipe* true try'd,
Probatum eſſet, Donne had never dy'd.
  For me, if e'er I had leaſt ſpark at all
Of that which they poetique fire do call,

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Here I confeſs it fetched from his hearth,
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flaſh, a lightning is
Before my Muſe's death, as after his.
Farewell, fair Soul! and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom, while living, as by voice and pen
I learned more than from a thouſand men,
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH ON DR. DONNE,

BY DR. CORBET, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, muſt firſt begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd ſo:
He muſt have wit to ſpare and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the Town:
He muſt have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and Common, to judge any cauſe;
Divinity great ſtore above the reſt,
Not of the laſt edition, but the beſt.
He muſt have language, travel, all the arts;
Judgment to uſe, or elſe he wants thy parts:
He muſt have friends the higheſt, able to do,
Such as Mecænas, and Auguſtus too:

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He muſt have ſuch a ſickneſs, ſuch a death,
Or elſe his vain deſcriptions come beneath.
Who then ſhall write an epitaph for thee
He muſt be dead firſt; let it alone for me.

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

BY ENDY. PORTER.

THIS decent urn a ſad inſcription wears
Of Donne's departure from us to the ſphears,
And the dumb ſtone with ſilence ſeems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Expreſt a cauſe to make all joy to ceaſe,
And never let our ſorrows more take eaſe;
For now it is impoſſible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind:
But why ſhould Death, with a promiſcuous hand,
At one rude ſtroke impoveriſh a land?
Thou ſtrict attorney unto ſtricter Fate,
Didſt thou confiſcate his life out of hate
To his rare parts? or didſt thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at ſome plebeian heart,
And he with pious virtue ſtept between
To ſave that ſtroke, and ſo was kill'd unſeen
By thee? O! 't was his goodneſs ſo to do,
Which human kindneſs never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were ſatisfy'd,
And he left us like orphan-friends, and dy'd.

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Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
Whoſe ſpeech ſhall ſend repentant ſighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
Who ſhall hereafter write her elegie?
Poets! be ſilent; let your numbers ſleep,
For he is gone that did all fancy keep.
Time hath no ſoul but his exalted verſe,
Which with amazements we may now rehearſe.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies Dean Donne! Enough; thoſe words alone
Shew him as fully as if all the ſtone
His church of Paul's contains were thorow inſcrib'd,
Or all the walkers there to ſpeak him brib'd.
None can miſtake him, for one ſuch as he,
Donne, Dean, or Man, more none ſhall ever ſee.
Not man? no; tho' unto a fun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole earth ſo to overſpy.
A bold brave word; yet ſuch brave ſpirits as knew
His ſpirit, will ſay it is leſs bold than true.

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SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away! thou changeling motely humouriſt;
Leave me, and in this ſtanding wooden cheſt,
Conſorted with theſe few books, let me lye
In priſon, and here be coffin'd when I dye.
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's ſecretary, the philoſopher;
And wily ſtateſmen, which teach how to tye
The ſinews of a city's myſtic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them ſtand
Giddy fantaſtique poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this conſtant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
Firſt ſwear by thy beſt love, here in earneſt,
(If thou which lov'ſt all canſt love any beſt)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle ſtreet,
Tho' ſome more ſpruce companion thou doſt meet;
Not tho' a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not tho' a briſk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courteſie to anſwer;
Nor come a velvet juſtice with a long
Great train of blew-coats, twelve or fourteen ſtrong,

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Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A ſpeech to court his beauteous ſon and heir?
For better or worſe take me or leave me;
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh, monſtrous! ſuperſtitious Puritan,
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man!
That when thou meet'ſt one with enquiring eyes
Doſt ſearch, and, like a needy broker, prize
The ſilk and gold he wears, and to that rate,
So high or low, doſt raiſe thy formal hat;
That wilt conſort none till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As tho' all thy companions ſhould make thee
Joyntures, and marry thy dear company;
Why ſhouldſt thou (that doſt not only approve,
But in rank itchy luſt deſire and love,
The nakedneſs and barrenneſs t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore or proſtitute boy)
Hate Virtue, tho' ſhe naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And till our ſouls be unapparelled
Of bodies they from bliſs are bamiſhed.
Man's firſt bleſt ſtate was naked; when by ſin
He loſt that, he was cloath'd but in beaſt's ſkin,
And in this coarſe attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muſes I confer.
But ſince thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy ſins, doſt repent

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Theſe vanities and giddineſſes, lo
I ſhut my chamber-door, and, Come, let's go.
But ſooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many ſeveral men in ſin
As are black feathers or muſk-colour'd hoſe,
Name her child's right true father 'mongſt all thoſe;
Sooner may one gueſs who ſhall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And ſooner may a gulling weather-ſpy,
By drawing forth heav'n's ſcheme, tell certainly
What faſhion'd hats, or ruffs, or ſuits, next year
Our giddy-headed antick youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'ſt from me, can ſhow
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou wouldſt go.
But how ſhall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have ſinn'd againſt my conſcience?
Now we are in the ſtreet; he firſt of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall,
And ſo impriſon'd and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little ſtate his liberty;
Yet tho' he cannot ſkip forth now to greet
Every fine ſilken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous ſmiles allures,
And grins, ſmacks, ſhrugs, and ſuch an itch endures
As 'prentices or ſchool-boys, which do know
Of ſome gay ſport abroad, yet dare not go;
And as fiddlers ſtop loweſt at higheſt ſound,
So to the moſt brave ſtoops he nigh'ſt the ground;

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But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wife politique horfe would heretofore;
Or thou, O Elephant or Ape! wilt do,
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, Do you fee
Yonder well-favour'd youth? Which? Oh! 'tis he
That dances fo divinely. Oh! faid I,
Stand ftill; muft you dance here for company?
He droop'd, we went, till one (which did excell
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whifper'd, Let us go;
It may be you fmell him not; truly I do.
He hears not me; but on the other fide
A many-colour'd peacock having fpy'd,
Leaves him and me: I for my loft fheep ftay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, Him whom I laft left all repute
For his device in handfoming a fuit;
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut and plait,
Of all the court to have the beft conceit:
Our dull commedians want him; let him go:
But, oh! God ftrengthen thee; why ftoop'ft thou fo?
Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which underftood none, he doth feem to be
Perfect French and Italian. I reply'd,
So is the pox. He anfwer'd not, but fpy'd
More men of fort, of parts and qualities.
At laft his love he in a window fpies,

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And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me,
Violently raviſh'd to his lechery.
Many there were he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And conſtantly a while muſt keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, tho' (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this Town, yet there 's one ſtate
In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the reſt.
Tho' poetry indeed be ſuch a ſin
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in;
Tho', like the peſtilence and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himſelf) to live by 's labour'd ſcenes;
As in ſome organs puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears nor their old harms.

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Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery;
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery:
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
Th' excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt who (beggerly) doth chaw
Others' wit's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue
As his own things: and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, tho' it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe
To out-do dildoes and out-uſure Jews,
T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Litany,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins canoniſts could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of Coſcus only breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer, which (alas!) of late
But ſcarce a poet, jollier of this ſtate
Than are new benefic'd miniſters; he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes,

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His title of Barriſter on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
A motion, Lady! Speak, Coſcus. I have been
In love e'er ſince *triceſimo* of the Queen.
Continual claims I've made, injunctions got
To ſtay my rival's ſuit, that he ſhould not
Proceed; ſpare me, in Hillary term I went;
You ſaid, if I return'd next 'ſize in Lent,
I ſhould be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters ſhould take place
Of affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's ſoft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcoldings, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbys rore.
When ſick with poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law-practice for meer gain, bold ſouls repute
Worſe than imbrothell'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear
That only ſuretiſhip hath brought them there,
And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block wring to the bar,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs far
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor

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Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.
Shortly (as th' ſea) he 'll compaſs all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand;
And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitching-ſtuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuff
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year
(Reliquely kept) perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances big as gloſs'd Civil laws;
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardneſs)
Are fathers of the church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not, nor for theſe written pays,
Therefore ſpares no length, (as in thoſe firſt days,
When Luther was profeſt, he did deſire
Short Pater-noſters, ſaying, as a fryer,
Each day his beads: but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer the power and glory clauſe)
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
And ſlily, as any commenter, goes by
Hard words or ſenſe; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the

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Where are thôſe ſpread woods which cloth'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthuſian faſts and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatute-laws.

SATIRE III.

KIND pity checks my ſpleen; brave ſcorn forbids
Thoſe tears to iſſue which ſwell my eye-lids.
I muſt not laugh nor weep ſins, but be wiſe:
Can railing then cure theſe worn maladies?
Is not our miſtreſs, fair Religion,
As worthy of our ſouls' devotion
As virtue was to the firſt blinded age?
Are not heaven's joys as valiant to aſſwage
Luſts as earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, ſhall they ſurpaſs
Us in the end? and ſhall thy father's ſpirit
Meet blind philoſophers in heav'n, whoſe merit
Of ſtrict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught ſo eaſie ways and near

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To follow, damn'd? Oh! if thou dar'ſt, fear this:
This fear great courage and high valour is.
Dar'ſt thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'ſt thou lay
Thee in ſhips' wooden ſepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to ſtorms, to ſhot, to dearth?
Dar'ſt thou dive ſeas, and dungeons of the earth?
Haſt thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north-diſcoveries, and thrice
Colder than ſalamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain and the line,
Whoſe countries limbecks to our bodies be,
Canſt thou for gain bear? and muſt every he
Which cries not Goddeſs! to thy miſtreſs, draw
Or eat thy poyſonous words? courage of ſtraw!
O deſperate coward! wilt thou ſeem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to ſtand
Centinel in this world's garriſon) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he whom thou
Striv'ſt to pleaſe) for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and paſs,
So the world's ſelf, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Doſt love a withered and worn ſtrumpet laſt;
Fleſh (itſelf 's death) and joys, which fleſh can taſte,
Thou lov'ſt; and thy fair goodly ſoul, which doth
Give this fleſh power to taſte joy, thou doſt loath.

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Seek true religion. O! where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, becauſe he doth know
That ſhe was there a thouſand years ago.
He loves the raggs ſo, as we here obey
The ſtate-cloth where the prince ſate yeſterday.
Grants to ſuch brave loves will not be inthrall'd,
But loves her only who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, ſimple, ſullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandſome; as among
Lecherous humours there is one that judges
No wenches wholeſome but coarſe country drudges.
Grajus ſtays ſtill at home here; and becauſe
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new like faſhions, bid him think that ſhe
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Imbraceth her whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards ſtill
Take ſuch wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careleſs Phrygius doth abhor
All, becauſe all cannot be good; as one
Knowing ſome women whores dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that ſo
As women do in diverſe countries go
In diverſe habits, yet are ſtill one kind,
So doth, ſo is Religion; and this blind-
Neſs too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force muſt one, and forc'd but one, allow,

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And the right; aſk thy father which is ſhe;
Let him aſk his. Tho' Truth and Falſhood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is:
Be buſie to ſeek her; believe me this,
He 's not of none, nor worſt, that ſeeks the beſt.
T' adore or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad. Doubt wiſely. In ſtrange way
To ſtand inquiring right is not to ſtray;
To ſleep or run wrong is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and ſteep, Truth ſtands; and he that will
Reach her about muſt, and about it, go,
And what the hill's ſuddenneſs reſiſts win ſo.
Yet ſtrive ſo that before age, death's twilight,
Thy ſoul reſt; for none can work in that night,
To will implys delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and myſteries
Are like the ſun, dazling, yet plain t' all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou haſt found; men do not
In ſo ill caſe, that God hath with his hand [ſtand
Sign'd kings' blank-charters to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but hangmen, to Fate.
Fool and wretch! wilt thou let thy ſoul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which ſhe ſhall not be try'd
At the laſt day? or will it then boot thee
To ſay a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin, taught me this?
Is not this excuſe for meer contraries

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Equally ſtrong? cannot both ſides ſay ſo?
That thou may'ſt rightly obey Power, her bounds know;
Thoſe paſt her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As ſtreams are, power is: thoſe bleſt flowers that dwell
At the rough ſtream's calm head thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themſelves given
To the ſtream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Thro' mills, rocks, and woods, and at laſt, almoſt
Conſum'd in going, in the ſea are loſt:
So periſh ſouls which more chuſe men's unjuſt
Power, from God claim'd, than God himſelf to truſt.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen.
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to court: but as Glare, which did go
To maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
The hundred marks, which is the ſtatute's curſe,
Before he 'ſcap'd; ſo 't pleas'd my Deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me

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As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way,
Therefore I ſuffer'd this: Towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange than on Nile's ſlime the ſun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven antiquaries' ſtudies,
Than Africk's monſters, Guiana's rarities;
Stranger than ſtrangers; one who for a Dane
In the Danes' maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then, and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe:
One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One t' whom th' examining juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your prieſthood, tell me what you are.
His cloaths were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho'
Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been [bare;
Velvet, but 't was now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all ſtates belongs.
Made of th' accents and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedant's motley tongue, ſoldier's bombaſt,

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Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement;
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me: I whiſper, God!
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me? He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer
For the beſt linguiſt? and I fillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay, but of men? Moſt ſweet Sir! Beza, then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two Academies, I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid; Nay, your apoſtles were
Good pretty linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, ſure the tow'r had ſtood.
He adds, If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is, but Spartane's faſhion,

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To teach by painting drunkards, doth not laſt
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaſt;
No more can princes' courts, tho' there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.
He, like to a high-ſtretcht lute-ſtring, ſqueakt, O, Sir!
'Tis ſweet to talk of kings! At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abby-tombs,
And for his price doth, with who ever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears ſhall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He 's baſe, mechanique coarſe;
So 're all your Engliſh men in their diſcourſe.
Are not your French men neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir; look, he follows me.
Certes, they 're neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir; I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him; but as itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt iron grownd
Into an edge, hurts worſe; ſo I (fool!) found
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtile doth dreſs,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays:
He takes my hand, and, as a ſtill which ſtays
A ſemibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a lye,

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More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or ſmil'd; and he knows what
A ſubtile ſtateſman may gather of that:
He knows who loves whom, and who by poyſon
Haſts to an office's reverſion:
He knows who 'hath ſold his land, and now doth beg
A licenſe old iron, boots, ſhoos, and egg-
Shells to tranſport. Shortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome courtier; and, wiſer than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home-meats cloys me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a patient, yet
He thruſts on more; and as he 'had undertook
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail, ſo I ſigh and ſweat
To hear this makaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my humour or his own to fit,
He, like a priviledg'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man:
He names a price for every office paid:
He ſaith, Our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them laſting as far

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As the laſt day; and that great officers
Do with the pirats ſhare and Dunkirkers.
Who waſtes in meat, in cloaths, in horſe, he notes;
Who loves whores, who boys, and who goats.
I, more amaz'd than Circe's priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our giant ſtatues ope his jaw
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did ſhow
All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine and my forefathers' ſin
To the laſt farthing: therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but th' hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape his torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid, Willingly.
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it as ranſom. But as fiddlers ſtill,
Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jigg upon you; ſo did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown. Scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did ſee
All the court fill'd with ſuch ſtrange things as he)

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Ran from thence with ſuch or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his who dreamt he ſaw hell did advance
Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer; then
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns, and my miſtreſs, Truth! betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puft nobilitie?
No, no; thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun! in all thy journey vanity
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap nor
Taſte have in them, our's are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.
'Tis ten a clock, and paſt; all whom the Meuſe,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the preſence, and I, (God pardon me!)
As freſh and ſweet their apparels be, as be

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The fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, crys the flatterer; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates. Me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage as court. All are players; whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladys come. As pirats, which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with cocheneal,
The men board them, and praiſe (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns I thought
This cauſe: theſe men men's wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all reds which ſcarlets die.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair looſe ſet.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhooe himſelf at door refine,
As if the preſence were a Moſchite; and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate?
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and ſymmetry
Perfect as circles, with ſuch nicety

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As a young preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady, which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts;
So much as at Rome would ſerve to 'have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquiſition,
And whiſpers by Jeſu ſo oft', that a
Purſuivant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying of our Lady's pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague; they merit it.
But here comes Glorius, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extream only doth
Call a rough careleſſneſs good faſhion;
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry; and tho' his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go;
Go thro' the Great Chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe Aſkaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth but queen's man and fine
Living, barrels of beef and flagons of wine,

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I ſhook like a ſpy'd ſpy. Preachers! which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the ſins of this place; for, for me,
Which am but a ſcant brook, it enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away; altho' I yet
(With Machabee' modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,
I hope, eſteem my writs canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou ſhalt not laugh, in this leaf, Muſe! nor they
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay
Rules to make courtiers, he being underſtood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the ſting of jeſts all who in extream
Are wretched or wicked; of theſe two a theam
Charity and Liberty give me. What is he
Who officers' rage and ſuiters' miſery
Can write in jeſt? If all things be in all,
As I think, ſince all which were, are, and ſhall
Be, be made of the ſame elements,
Each thing each thing implies or repreſents;
Then man is a world, in which officers
Are the vaſt raviſhing ſeas, and ſuiters
Springs, now full, now ſhallow, now dry, which to
That which drowns them run: theſe ſelf reaſons do

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Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring ſtomach, and ſuitors
Th' excrements which they void. All men are duſt;
How much worſe are ſuitors, who to men's luſt
Are made preys? O worſe than duſt or worms' meat!
For they eat you now whoſe ſelves worms ſhall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; and a waſtful war
Is fought againſt you, and you fight it: they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals; th' iſſue your own ruin is.
Greateſt and faireſt Empreſs! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know
Whoſe meads her arms drown, or whoſe corn o'erflow.
You, Sir, whoſe righteouſneſs ſhe loves, whom I,
By having leave to ſerve, am moſt richly
For ſervice paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous ſin.
O Age of ruſty Iron! ſome better wit
Call it ſome worſe name, if ought equal it.
Th' Iron Age was when juſtice was ſold; now
Injuſtice is ſold dearer far. Allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gameſters, anon
The money which you ſweat and ſwear for's gone
Into' other hands. So controverted lands
'Scape, like Angelica, the ſtriver's hands.
If law be in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to reſiſt letter or fee,

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Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the firſt main head; and theſe can throw
Thee, if they ſuck thee in, to miſery,
To fetters, halters. But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'ſt
Againſt the ſtream, upwards, when thou art moſt
Heavy and moſt faint; and in theſe labours they,
'Gainſt whom thou ſhouldſt complain, will in thy way
Become great ſeas, o'er which, when thou ſhalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou ſhalt ſee
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may 'have more.
Judges are gods; and he who made them ſo
Meant not men ſhould be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When ſupplications
We ſend to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubins, and all heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; ſo 't is. Would it not anger
A Stoick, a coward, yea, a martyr,
To ſee a purſuivant come in, and call
All his clothes Copes, books Primers, and all
His plate Chalices; and miſ-take them away,
And aſk a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair Law's white rev'rend name be ſtrumpeted,
To warrant thefts: ſhe is eſtabliſhed
Recorder to Deſtiny on earth, and ſhe
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who muſt be

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Rich, who poor, who in chairs, and who in gaols:
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which ſhe ſcratcheth ſuitors. In bodies
Of men, ſo in law, nails are extremities;
So officers ſtretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no elſe part comes to.
Why bar'ſt thou to yon' officer? Fool! hath he
Got thoſe goods for which erſt men bar'd to thee?
Fool! twice, thrice, thou haſt bought wrong and now hungerly
Begg'ſt right, but that dole comes not till theſe dy.
Thou hadſt much, and law's Urim and Thummim try
Thou wouldſt for more; and for all haſt paper
Enough to cloath all the great Charrick's pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more ſhalt leeſe
Than Hammon, when he ſold 's antiquities.
O Wretch! that thy fortunes ſhould moralize
Æſop's Fables, and make tales propheſies.
Thou art the ſwimming dog, whom ſhadows cozened,
Which div'ſt, near drowning, for what vaniſhed.

SATIRE VI.

Men write that love and reaſon diſagree,
But I ne'er ſaw 't expreſt as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God muſt make thee ſee;
But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.

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Thou ſay'ſt ſhe 's wiſe and witty, fair and free;
All theſe are reaſons why ſhe ſhould ſcorn thee.
Thou doſt proteſt thy love, and wouldſt it ſhow
By matching her, as ſhe would match her foe;
And wouldſt perſwade her to a worſe offence
Than that whereof thou didſt accuſe her wench.
Reaſon there 's none for thee, but thou may'ſt vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her ſex
Shun her ſhe needs muſt change; I do not ſee
How reaſon e'er can bring that muſt to thee.
Thou art a match a juſtice to rejoyce,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats ſhe 'd ſcarcely ſtay with thee,
And wouldſt th' have this to chuſe thee, being free?
Go, then, and puniſh ſome ſoon gotten ſtuff;
For her dead huſband this hath mourn'd enough
In hating thee. Thou may'ſt one like this meet;
For ſpight take her, prove kind, make thy breath ſweet:
Let her ſee ſhe 'hath cauſe, and to bring to thee
Honeſt children, let her diſhoneſt be.
If ſhe be a widow, I 'll warrant her
She 'll thee before her firſt huſband prefer;
And will wiſh thou hadſt had her maidenhead,
(She 'll love thee ſo) for then thou hadſt been dead.
But thou ſuch ſtrong love and weak reaſons haſt,
Thou muſt thrive there, or ever live diſgrac'd.
Yet pauſe a while, and thou may'ſt live to ſee
A time to come wherein ſhe may beg thee.

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If thou'lt not pauſe nor change, ſhe'll beg thee now,
Do what ſhe can, love for nothing allow.
Beſides, here were too much gain and merchandiſe,
And when thou art rewarded deſert dies.
Now thou haſt odds of him ſhe loves; he may doubt
Her conſtancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, ſhe'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on't will be thine;
For tho' thou muſt ne'er think of other love,
And ſo wilt advance her as high above
Virtue as cauſe above effect can be,
'Tis virtue to be chaſt, which ſhe 'll make thee.

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EPITHALAMIONS:

OR,

MARRIAGE SONGS.

AN EPITHALAMION

On Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhyne, and the Lady Elizabeth, being married on St. Valentine's day.

I.

HAIL, Biſhop Valentine! whoſe day this is,
All the air is thy dioceſe,
And all the chirping choriſters
And other birds are thy pariſhioners;
Thou marry'ſt every year
The lyrique lark and the grave whiſpering dove;
The ſparrow, that neglects his life for love,
The houſhold bird with the red ſtomacher;
Thou mak'ſt the black-bird ſpeed as ſoon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The huſband cock looks out, and ſtrait is ſped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more chearfully than ever ſhine;
This day, which might inflame thyſelf, old Valentine!

II.

Till now thou warm'dſt with multiplying loves
Two larks, two ſparrows, or two doves;

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All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phœnixes.
Thou mak'st a taper see
What the sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
Did not contain; one bed contains thro' thee
Two phœnixes; whose joyned breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires as shall give
Young phœnixes, and yet the old shall live;
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year th'rough thy day, O Valen-
[tine!

III.

Up then, fair phœnix Bride! frustrate the sun;
Thyself from thine affection
Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
Up, up, fair Bride! and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes; take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds, forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all;
And by their blazing signifie
That a great princess falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder, and be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine!

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IV.

Come forth, come forth! and as one glorious flame
Meeting another grows the ſame,
So meet thy Frederick, and ſo
To an unſeparable union go;
Since ſeparation
Falls not on ſuch things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but once an diſunite;
You're twice inſeparable, great, and one.
Go then to where the Biſhop ſtays
To make you one; his way, which divers ways
Muſt be effected; and when all is paſt,
And that y'are one, by hearts and hands made faſt,
You two have one way left yourſelves t'entwine,
Beſides this Biſhop's knot of Biſhop Valentine.

V.

But, oh! what ails the ſun, that hence he ſtays
Longer to-day than other days?
Stays he new light from theſe to get?
And finding here ſuch ſtars is loth to ſet?
And why do you two walk
So ſlowly pac'd in this proceſſion?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others ſpectacle and talk?
The feaſt with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praiſe.
The maſquers come late, and I think will ſtay,
Like Fairies, till the cock crow them away.

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Alas! did not Antiquity aſſign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

VI.

They did, and night is come; and yet we ſee
Formalities retarding thee.
What mean theſe ladies, which (as tho'
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be ſaid,
Should vaniſh from her clothes into her bed,
As ſouls from bodies ſteal, and are not ſpy'd.
But now ſhe's laid: what tho' ſhe be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he?
He comes, and paſſeth thro' ſphear after ſphear;
Firſt her ſheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day, then, but this night, be thine;
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine!

VII.

Here lies a ſhe ſun, and a he moon there;
She gives the beſt light to his ſphere;
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe:
And yet they do; but are
So juſt and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor ſtay;
Neither deſires to be ſpar'd nor to ſpare:
They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again:

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They pay, they give, they lend, and ſo let fall
No occaſion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage, in theſe two do ſhine
Than all thy turtles have, and ſparrows, Valentine!

VIII.

And by this act of theſe two phœnixes
Nature again reſtored is;
For ſince theſe two are two no more,
There 's but one phœnix ſtill, as was before.
Reſt now, at laſt, and we
(As Satyrs watch the ſun's uprife) will ſtay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only deſired, becauſe your face we ſee;
Others near you ſhall whiſp'ring ſpeak,
And wagers lay, at which ſide day will break,
And win, by obſerving then whoſe hand it is
That opens firſt a curtain, her's or his.
This will be try'd to-morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine!

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EPITHALAMION

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

I.

The ſun-beams in the Eaſt are ſpread,
Leave, leave, fair Bride! your ſolitary bed;
No more ſhall you return to it alone,
It nurſeth ſadneſs; and your bodie's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint:
You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in theſe ſheets will ſmo-
There it muſt meet another, [ther
Which never was, but muſt be oft' more nigh.
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

II.

Daughters of London! you which be
Our golden mynes and furniſh'd treaſurie;
You which are angels, yet ſtill bring with you
Thouſands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your preſence, and deviſe to praiſe
Theſe rites, which alſo unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dreſs her, and be aſſign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel;
Make her for Love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Indie;
So may ſhe, fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

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III.

And you, frolique Patricians!
Sons of thoſe ſenators, wealth's deep oceans;
Ye painted Courtiers! barrels of others' wits,
Ye Country men! who but your beaſts love none;
Ye of thoſe fellowſhips, whereof he's one,
Of ſtudy and play made ſtrange hermaphrodits,
Here ſhine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
Loe! in yon' path which ſtore of ſtrew'd flow'rs graceth,
The ſober virgin paceth;
Except my ſight fail 't is no other thing:
Weep not, nor bluſh, here is no grief nor ſhame;
To-day put on perfection and a woman's name.

IV.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair Temple! unfold,
And theſe two in thy ſacred boſom hold,
Till myſtically joyn'd but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-ſtarved womb
Long time expect their bodies and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenneſs,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might theſe two diſſever,
Always all th' other may each one poſſeſs;
For the beſt bride, beſt worthy of praiſe and fame,
To-day puts on perfection and a woman's name.

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V.

Winter days bring much delight,
Nor for themſelves, but for they ſoon bring night;
Other ſweets wait thee than theſe diverſe meats,
Other diſports than dancing jollities,
Other love-tricks than glancing with the eyes;
But that the ſun ſtill in our half ſphear ſweats;
He flies in winter, but he now ſtands ſtill,
Yet ſhadows turn; noon-point he hath attain'd,
His ſteeds will be reſtrain'd,
But gallop lively down the weſtern hill;
Thou ſhalt, when he hath run the heav'ns half frame,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VI.

The amorous evening-ſtar is roſe,
Why then ſhould not our amorous ſtar incloſe
Herſelf in her wiſh'd bed? Releaſe your ſtrings,
Muſicians! and, Dancers! take ſome truce
With theſe your pleaſing labours; for great uſe
As much wearineſs as perfection brings.
You, and not only you but all toyl'd beaſt
Reſt duly; at night all their toyls are diſpenc'd;
But in their beds commenc'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feaſts.
She goes a maid who, leſt ſhe turn the ſame,
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

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VII.

Thy virgin's girdle now untye,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lye
A pleaſing ſacrifice; now diſpoſſeſs
Thee of theſe chains and robes which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like Virtue and Truth, are beſt in nakedneſs:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better ſtate a cradle;
Till now thou waſt but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be ſaid I may be, but I am,
To-night put on perfection and a woman's name.

VIII.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content
That this life for a better ſhould be ſpent,
So ſhe a mother's rich ſtile doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wiſh'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The prieſt comes on his knees t' imbowel her.
Now ſleep or watch with more joy; and, oh! light
Of heav'n! to-morrow riſe thou hot and early,
This ſun will love ſo dearly
Her reſt, that long, long, we ſhall want her ſight.
Wonders are wrought; for ſhe which had no name
To-night puts on perfection and a woman's name.

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ECLOGUE.

DECEMBER 26. 1613.

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Chriſtmas-time, reprehends his abſence from Court at the marriage of the Earl of Somerſet: Idios gives an account of his purpoſe therein, and of his actions there.

ALLOPHANES.

UNSEASONABLE man! ſtatue of ice!
What could to country's ſolitude entice
Thee in this year's cold and decrepit time?
Nature's inſtinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n ſmaller birds who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets ſail thro' their ſea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilſt Flora herſelf doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilſt winds do all the trees and hedges ſtrip
Of leaves, to furniſh rods enough to whip
Thy madneſs from thee, and all ſprings by froſt
Having tak'n cold and their ſweet murmurs loſt?
If thou thy faults or fortunes wouldſt lament
With juſt ſolemnity, do it in Lent.
At court the ſpring already advanced is,
The ſun ſtays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
Firſt zeal to prince and ſtate, then Love's deſires,
Burn in one breaſt, and, like heav'n's two great lights,
The firſt doth govern days, the other nights:

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And then that early light which did appear
Before the sun and moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures, fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,
At ev'ry glance a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams, their jewels, lustres rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
Most other courts, alas! are like to hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell;
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual but artificial heat.
Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our court an everlasting East;
And canst thou be from thence?

IDIOS. No, I am there:

As heav'n, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are those courts whose princes animate
Not only all their house but all their state.
Let no man think, because he 's full, he 'hath all:
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulness but capacitie,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,

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And comprehend the bleſſings they beſtow.
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of heav'n's glory than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no farther look;
So 's the country of courts, where ſweet peace doth,
As their own common ſoul, give life to both:
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES. Dreamer! thou art:
Think'ſt thou, Fantaſtique! that thou haſt a part
In the Indian fleet, becauſe thou haſt
A little ſpice or amber in thy taſt?
Becauſe thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seeſt thou all good, becauſe thou ſeeſt no harm?
The earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well diſpos'd, and which would fain be gold,
But never ſhall, except it chance to lye
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for beſt civil uſe all tinctures move
From higher powers: from God religion ſprings,
Wiſdom and honour from the uſe of kings;
Then unbeguile thyſelf, and know with me,
That angels, tho' on earth employ'd they be,
Are ſtill in heav'n; ſo is he ſtill at home
That doth abroad to honeſt actions come.

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Chide thyſelf then, O Fool! which yeſterday
Might'ſt have read more than all thy books bewray.
Haſt thou a hiſtory which doth preſent
A court where all affections do aſſent
Unto the king's, and that that king's are juſt?
And where it is no levity to truſt,
Where there is no ambition but t'obey,
Where men need whiſper nothing and yet may;
Where the king's favours are ſo plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, becauſe his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou haſt no ſuch, yet here was this, and more;
An earneſt lover, wiſe then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath ſued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that breaſt
Where the king's counſels and his ſecrets reſt.
What haſt thou loſt? O ignorant man!
IDIOS. I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to expreſs it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts: I would not therefore ſtay
At a great feaſt, having no grace to ſay;
And yet I 'ſcap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd ſome.

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Read then this Nuptial-ſong, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But ſince I 'm dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph which might advance my fame
So much as this poor Song, which teſtifies
I did unto that day ſome ſacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old Year! thou ſhalt not die,
Tho' thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And ſhouldſt within five days expire;
Yet thou art reſcu'd from a mightier fire
Than thy old ſoul, the ſun,
When he doth in his largeſt circle run.
The paſſage of the Weſt or Eaſt would thaw,
And open wide their eaſie liquid jaw
To all our ſhips, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northern Pole impart
The fire of theſe inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But, undiſcerning Muſe! which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple doſt thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be try'd by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;

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If by that manly courage they be try'd
Which ſcorns unjuſt opinion, then the bride
Becomes a man: ſhould chance or envie's art
Divide theſe two, whom Nature ſcarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart?

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Tho' it be ſome divorce to think of you
Single, ſo much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
Firſt, chearful Bridegroom! and firſt let me ſee
How thou prevent'ſt the ſun,
And his red foaming horſes doſt outrun;
How, having laid down in thy ſoveraign's breaſt
All buſineſſes, from thence to reinveſt
Them, when theſe triumphs ceaſe, thou forward art
To ſhew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair Bride! it is ſome wrong
To think thou wert in bed ſo long;
Since ſoon thou lieſt down firſt, 't is fit
Thou in firſt riſing ſhould allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without ſuch aſhes thou wouldſt wear,

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Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, wouldst be Phaeton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quenched, thou may'st impart
To us that come thy' inflaming eyes, to him thy loving heart.

V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the sun in water see;
So dost thou when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we which do behold
Are dust and worms, 'tis just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let ev'ry jewel be a glorious star,
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheares are;
And tho' thou stoop t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou intirely art,
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men which thro' a cypress see
The rising sun, do think it two;
So as you go to church do think of you:
But that veil being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.

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The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth ſtrive no more.
Then, reverend Prieſt! who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to theſe two impart
All bleſſings which are ſeen, or thought, by angels' eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION.

BLEST pair of Swans! oh! may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never ſing:
Live till all grounds of wiſhes fail,
Till honour, yea, till wiſdom, grow ſo ſtale,
That new great heights to trie,
It muſt ſerve your ambition to die.
Raiſe heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this king to take thanks, you to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art.
May never age or errour overthwart [heart.
With any weſt theſe radiant eyes, with any north this

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

BUT you are over-bleſt: plenty this day
Injures; it cauſeth time to ſtay:
The tables groan, as tho' this feaſt
Would, as the flood, deſtroy all fowl and beaſt.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;

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For every part to dance and revel goes;
They tread the air, and fall not where they roſe.
Tho' ſix hours ſince the ſun to bed did part,
The maſks and banquets will not yet impart
A ſunſet to theſe weary eyes, a center to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'ſt thou, Bride! this company to keep?
To ſit up till thou fain would ſleep?
Thou may'ſt not when thou 'rt laid do ſo:
Thyſelf muſt to him a new banquet grow,
And you muſt entertain,
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know, that if ſun and moon together do
Riſe in one point, they do not ſet ſo too:
Therefore thou may'ſt, fair Bride! to bed depart;
Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art
Thou leav'ſt in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that ſees a ſtar fall runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place;
So doth the bridegroom haſte as much,
Being told this ſtar is faln, and finds her ſuch.
And as friends may look ſtrange
By a new faſhion or apparel's change,

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Their souls, tho' long acquainted they had been,
These clothes their bodies never yet had seen:
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part
As freely as each to each before gave either hand or heart.

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine
In warmth, light, lasting equal the divine!
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts,
One fire of four inflaming eyes and of two loving hearts.
So I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I 'll burn it too.

ALLOPH. No, Sir, this paper I have justly got,
For in burnt incense the perfume is not
His only that presents it, but of all.
Whatever celebrates this Festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars as prize your devotion.

HOLY SONNETS.

I.

Thou haſt made me, and ſhall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haſte;
I run to death, and death meets me as faſt,
And all my pleaſures are like yeſterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Deſpair behind, and death before, doth caſt
Such terror, and my feeble fleſh doth waſte
By ſin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I riſe again;
But our old ſubtile foe ſo tempteth me,
That not one hour myſelf I can ſuſtain:
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou, like adamant, draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I reſign
Myſelf to thee, O God! Firſt I was made
By thee, and for thee; and when I was decay'd
Thy bloud bought that, the which before was thine.
I am thy ſon, made with thyſelf to ſhine,
Thy ſervant, whoſe pains thou haſt ſtill repay'd,
Thy ſheep, thine image; and, till I betray'd
Myſelf, a temple of thy Spirit divine.

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Why doth the devil then uſurp on me?
Why doth he ſteal, nay, raviſh, that's thy right?
Except thou riſe, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I ſhall ſoon deſpair, when I ſhall ſee [me,
That thou lov'ſt mankind well, yet wilt not chooſe
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to loſe me.

III.

Oh! might theſe ſighs and tears return again
Into my breaſt and eyes which I have ſpent,
That I might, in this holy diſcontent,
Mourn with ſome fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain!
In mine idolatry what ſhow'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waſte? what griefs my heart did rent?
That ſufferance was my ſin I now repent;
'Cauſe I did ſuffer, I muſt ſuffer pain.
Th' hydroptick drunkard, and night-ſcouring thief,
The itchy lecher, and ſelf-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of paſt joys for relief
Of coming ills. To (poor) me is allow'd
No eaſe; for long yet vehement grief hath been
Th' effect and cauſe, the puniſhment and ſin.

IV.

Oh! my black ſoul! now thou art ſummoned
By Sickneſs, Death's herald and champion,
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim which abroad hath done

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Treaſon, and durſt not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wiſheth himſelf delivered from priſon;
But damn'd, and hawl'd to execution,
Wiſheth that ſtill he might b' impriſoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canſt not lack;
But who ſhall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyſelf with holy mourning black,
And red with bluſhing, as thou art with ſin;
Or waſh thee in Chriſt's bloud, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red ſouls to white.

V.

I AM a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelick ſpright;
But black ſin hath betray'd to endleſs night
My world's both parts, and (oh!) both parts muſt die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was moſt high,
Have found new ſphears, and of new land can write,
Pour new ſeas in mine eyes, that ſo I might
Drown my world with my weeping earneſtly,
Or waſh it, if it muſt be drown'd no more:
But, oh! it muſt be burnt: alas! the fire
Of luſt and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord! with a fierie zeal
Of thee and thy houſe, which doth in eating heal.

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VI.

This is my play's laſt ſcene; here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's laſt mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this laſt pace,
My ſpan's laſt inch, my minute's lateſt point,
And gluttonous Death will inſtantly unjoynt
My body and ſoul, and I ſhall ſleep a ſpace:
But my' ever-waking part ſhall ſee that face
Whoſe fear already ſhakes my every joynt.
Then as my ſoul to heav'n, her firſt ſeat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth ſhall dwell,
So fall my ſins, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would preſs me to hell.
Impute me righteous; thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the fleſh, the devil.

VII.

At the round earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, Angels! and ariſe, ariſe
From death, you numberleſs infinities
Of ſouls, and to your ſcattered bodies go,
All whom th' flood did, and fire ſhall, overthrow;
All whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Deſpair, law, chance, hath ſlain; and you whoſe eyes
Shall behold God, and never taſte death's woe.
But let them ſleep, Lord! and me mourn a ſpace;
For if above all theſe my ſins abound,
'Tis late to aſk abundance of thy grace
When we are there. Here on this holy ground

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Teach me how to repent, for that 's as good
As if thou 'hadſt ſeal'd my pardon with thy blood. 14

VIII.

If faithful ſouls be alike glorify'd
As angels, then my father's ſoul doth ſee,
And adds this ev'n to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erſtride;
But if our minds to theſe ſouls be deſcry'd 5
By circumſtances and by ſigns that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How ſhall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They ſee idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And ſtile blaſphemous conjurers to call 10
On Jeſus' name, and Phariſaical
Diſſemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O penſive Soul! to God, for he knows beſt
Thy grief, for he put it into my breaſt. 14

IX.

If poyſonous minerals, and if that tree
Whoſe fruit threw death on (elſe immortal) us;
If lecherous goats, if ſerpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why ſhould I be?
Why ſhould intent or reaſon, born in me, 5
Make ſins, elſe equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being eaſie and glorious

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To God, in his ſtern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I that dare diſpute with thee!
O God! oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my ſin's black memory:
That thou remember them ſome claim as debt,
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death! be not proud, tho' ſome have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not ſo;
For thoſe whom thou think'ſt thou doſt overthrow
Die not, poor Death! nor yet canſt thou kill me.
From reſt and ſleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleaſure, then from thee much more muſt flow;
And ſooneſt our beſt men with thee do go,
Reſt of their bones, and ſoul's delivery.
Thou 'rt ſlave to Fate, Chance, kings, and deſperate men,
And doſt with poyſon, war, and ſickneſs, dwell,
And poppy' or charms can make us ſleep as well,
And better than thy ſtroke. Why ſwell'ſt thou, then?
One ſhort ſleep paſt we wake eternally;
And death ſhall be no more; Death, thou ſhalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my ſide,
Buffet and ſcoff, ſcourge and crucifie me,
For I have ſinn'd, and ſinn'd, and only he
Who could do no iniquity hath dy'd,

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But by my death cannot be ſatisfy'd
My ſins, which paſs the Jews' impietie:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorify'd.
O let me then his ſtrange love ſtill admire.
Kings pardon, but he bore our puniſhment;
As Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harſh attire,
But to ſupplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himſelf in vile man's fleſh, that ſo
He might be weak enough to ſuffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements ſupply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'ſt thou, ignorant horſe! ſubjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, ſo fillily
Diſſemble weakneſs, and by one man's ſtroke die,
Whoſe whole kind you might ſwallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe 's me! and worſe than you:
You have not ſinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth theſe things ſubdue;
But their Creator, whom ſin nor nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures and his foes, hath dy'd.

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XIII.

WHAT if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O Soul! where thou doſt dwell,
The picture of Chriſt crucify'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light;
Bloud fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell
Which pray'd forgiveneſs for his foes' fierce ſpight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I ſaid to all my profane miſtreſſes,
Beauty of pity, foulneſs only is
A ſign of rigour, ſo I ſay to thee:
To wicked ſpirits are horrid ſhapes aſſign'd;
This beauteous form aſſumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

BATTER my heart, three-perſon'd God, for you
As yet but knock; breath, ſhine, and ſeek to mend,
That I may riſe and ſtand; o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an uſurpt town, to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but, oh! to no end:
Reaſon, your viceroy in me, me ſhould defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.

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Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again;
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me. 14

XV.

Wilt thou love God as he thee? then digest,
My Soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast.
The Father having begot a Son most blest, 5
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption,
Coheir to' his glory', and Sabbath's endless rest:
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stoln stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again; 10
The Sun of glory came down and was slain,
Us, whom he 'had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'Twas much that man was made like God before,
But that God should be made like man much more. 14

XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His joynture, in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blest,

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Was from the world's beginning ſlain, and he
Hath made two wills which, with the legacie
Of his and thy kingdom, thy ſons inveſt
Yet ſuch are theſe laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man thoſe ſtatutes can fulfill:
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy laſt command
Is all but love; O, let this laſt will ſtand!

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ODE.

I.

VENGEANCE will ſit above our faults; but till
She there do ſit
We ſee her not nor them. Thus blind, yet ſtill
We lead the way; and thus whilſt we do ill
We ſuffer it.

II.

Unhappy he whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care:
In number th' errors of the laſt place are
The greateſt ſtill.

III.

Yet we, that ſhould the ill we now begin
As ſoon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not ſeen,
But paſt us; neither felt, but only in
The puniſhment.

IV.

But we know ourſelves leaſt; mere outward ſhows
Our minds ſo ſtore,
That our ſouls, no more than our eyes, diſcloſe
But form and colour: only he who knows
Himſelf knows more.

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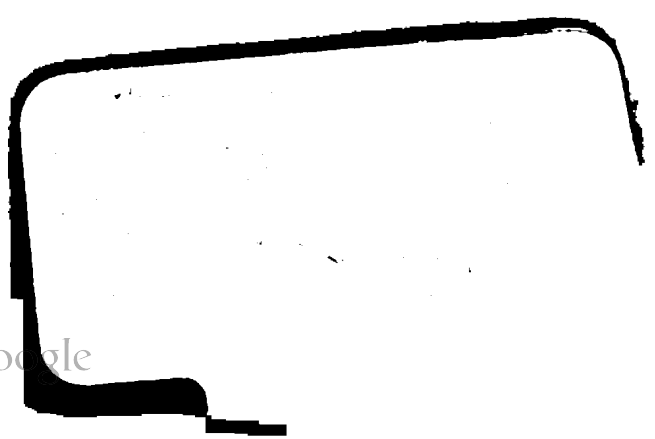

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